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THE MONEY SENT TO JOHNSTOWN.

BY THE HON. JAMES A. BEAVER, GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA.

THE APPALACHIAN range or system of mountains includes the head-waters of the streams which water and furnish the drainage for at least two-thirds of the State of Pennsylvania. The Alleghenies, which constitute the principal member of the system, divide the waters which flow eastward to the Atlantic and southwestward to the Gulf of Mexico. On the 31st of May of the present year peculiar meteorological conditions existed along this system of mountains, which resulted in a rainfall of unprecedented volume. In some localities more than six inches of rain fell within twenty-four hours. In others great cloud-bursts deluged the immediate vicinity, and in a few minutes raised the small streams as never before. There seemed to be literally a war of elements, waged with differing degrees of intensity, but kept up during the day throughout the entire region. The statement of the fact that three inches of rain are sufficient to make an ordinary freshet will show at once what results were to be expected from such a rainfall as occurred on the ill-fated day to which reference has been made. As a result of this unprecedented storm, some twenty counties of Pennsylvania were visited by floods which had no parallel in the history of the region. From Tioga County on the New York line to Bedford on the Maryland

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line, through the great mountain centre of the State, this flood carried destruction, desolation, and death in its onward sweep.

The streams which constitute the West Branch of the Susquehanna and the Juniata River on the eastern slope of the Alleghenies, and those which form the Conemaugh on the western slope, were principally affected. The most unusual floods heretofore occurring, which are remembered because of their destruction of life and property, took place in Pennsylvania in the years 1786 and 1865. In some localities the waters were higher during both of these freshets than in that of the present year. But the Susquehanna River, at Harrisburg, which is below the mouth of the Juniata River, was eighteen inches higher in the present year than in 1786, and twenty-seven inches higher than in 1865, notwithstanding the fact that the North Branch, which is one of the principal tributaries of the main river, was not extraordinarily high. This will, in a measure, indicate what the rise in the West Branch and in the Juniata must have been. The counties bordering on the West Branch and its tributaries, and those along the different branches of the Juniata, were all more or less seriously affected by this extraordinary freshet. In many of them lives were lost, homes and all their contents swept away, and property to the extent of probably fifty millions of dollars utterly destroyed. At the city of Williamsport, which is the centre of a large lumber-manufacturing trade, it is estimated that logs gathered there for the purpose of being manufactured into lumber, to the value of four millions of dollars, were swept away in a few hours. Other losses of a similar character, but not so great in extent, occurred at other points both above and below Williamsport. Railroad and county bridges across these streams were swept away by the score. All telegraphic and telephonic communication was entirely broken up, and the people for days, and in some instances for more than a week, were entirely isolated from the outside world.

Terrible as the scenes and incidents throughout the theatre of the operations of this storm on the eastern slope of the Alleghenies were, they were all dwarfed into littleness and comparative insignificance by the great calamity which befel the people of the Conemaugh Valley on the western slope of the mountain. The Conemaugh River, formed by the confluence of the north and south forks, is further augmented by

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the water of Stony Creek, which joins it at Johnstown. Along the narrow valley which skirts the river above Johnstown were built some eight or nine different villages, most of them incorporated, which constituted a busy, thriving community, largely engaged in the manufacture of iron and steel and their various products, and also in other industries which provided for the wants of the numerous population engaged in these manufactures. The rainfall of the region was of itself sufficient to cause an extraordinary flood, destructive alike to life and property. A large reservoir situated on the south fork of the Conemaugh, built originally as one of the feeders to the Pennsylvania Canal, but which had long since been abandoned for that purpose, and was used as a fishing preserve for a company of gentlemen who had purchased it several years ago, was so suddenly and rapidly raised above its banks that all efforts to relieve the pressure upon its sustaining walls were unavailing. The dam suddenly gave way, precipitating the great body of water gathered there, augmented by the unusual rainfall, into the valley below.

The flood which had occasioned solicitude and alarm before, reënforced by the waters of this immense reservoir, came upon the people of this devoted region with such velocity and power that all attempts to escape its ravages were unavailing, notwithstanding the fact that all possible efforts to give notice of the impending calamity were made by those who were aware of its imminent approach. To add to the difficulties of the situation, just below the confluence of the Conemaugh and Stony Creek had been built by the Pennsylvania Railroad a large seven-arch stone bridge, of magnificent proportions and strength, which served to some extent as a breakwater, and against which the débris created by the flood was piled, causing an eddy so swift and strong that for a time the waters actually flowed up-stream and carried dwelling-houses and other buildings in large numbers upon their angry bosom. Upon the subsidence of the waters, in the course of a few hours, a busy community of from thirty to forty thousand people found itself utterly prostrated, and, to a large extent, practically destroyed. The loss of life resulting from this catastrophe is variously estimated at from five to ten thousand persons. The loss of property, impossible accurately to estimate, aggregated many millions.

Cut off from communication with the outside world by rail or

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wire, it was difficult to obtain information. The morning papers of the 1st of June had intimations of a great disaster, and by the evening of that day some particulars of the ruin wrought were given to the public. The extent of the disaster was partially disclosed in the papers of Sunday morning, June 2. The cry of distress, which the facts alone presented, was heard throughout the length and breadth of the land. Fortunately, communication with the West was less seriously disturbed than with the East, and with the most commendable promptness and generosity the city of Pittsburg rushed to the relief of the sufferers. Philadelphia began her work of charity on Sunday, and made the most prompt and vigorous efforts to forward to the sufferers such help as could be hastily furnished. The Governor of Ohio, with his usual promptness, placed tents and other relief at the disposal of the sufferers, and despatched them at once from Columbus. On Saturday, the 1st of June, the response of the country and of the world to this wail of distress began, and has continued in an uninterrupted stream of beneficence, which has probably never been equalled, under like circumstances, in the history of our race.

An English paper, in speaking of the catastrophe at Johnstown, described it as the greatest calamity which ever befel the English-speaking race at a single blow. This description is, perhaps, not exaggerated. More lives have been lost in a single battle; but lives are expected to be lost in battle, and to its uncertain fortunes men intrust themselves with the knowledge of its fatal probabilities. In this case infancy and age were alike exposed to the fury of the storm and the horrors of the flood. Sex, sickness, and sorrow afforded no exemption. All were alike exposed, with the chances against the weak.

It is not intended to give any description of the horrors of the situation or of the details of the suffering which ensued. The baldest outline of events has been given in order to show that the calamity, although unprecedented, has had its sorrows and sufferings mitigated by a sweetness of charity and a wealth of benefaction which are also unparalleled.

This article is hastily prepared at the request of the Editor of THE REVIEW, not to describe the sufferings or to picture the sorrows of our stricken communities, but rather to show what has been done to relieve the one and mitigate the other.

Twenty of the sixty-seven counties of Pennsylvania have suf-

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fered severely by the late floods. In ten of them there has been loss of life. The suffering and sorrow have been the same in kind and, in a sense, in degree, but differ largely in extent. Into eleven of these counties help from outside of them has gone. Several have taken pride in caring for their own people, and have nobly met the requirements and responsibilities of the situation. Many individual cases of suffering are being discovered and developed, and many more will doubtless come to light as time passes, but for all, whether suffering singly, in families, or in communities, provision has been made by a generous people quick to hear and always ready to respond to the cry of distress or of need.

Sorrow is essentially and almost necessarily selfish. "Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow" has been, and is, the almost universal wail of suffering humanity. In view of this, it has been interesting to note the prominence which has been accorded to Johnstown among the several suffering communities of the State. It is not uncommon to have an application for assistance come couched in language like this: "Next after Johnstown, we have suffered more than any other locality in the State." The precedence given to the sufferers in the Conemaugh Valley among the several desolated communities themselves has also been accorded them in the sympathy and the benefactions of the country and the world.

What has been done in response to the bitter cry for help which their destruction and ruin wrung from the people to whom has been given by common consent this sad preëminence? What is the amount of the benefactions of generous donors which have flowed in a steady stream since the first day of June, and which continue to flow, with less volume, perhaps, but with no less sympathetic impulses to the present day? How have the benefactions of the people been applied, and what plans have been adopted for the relief and help of the beneficiaries of this fund? These are questions in which donors and recipients are alike interested, and which have an interest beyond the present case, as affecting great questions of sociology which are seeking, and have long sought in vain, for a final answer.

As already intimated, quick as the cry of distress came the generous response. First, in contributions of food and clothing from those nearest the scene of disaster, followed by donations of money from all parts of the civilized globe.

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On the third day of June the Executive of Pennsylvania issued an appeal to the people of the United States, based upon reliable data which he was enabled that day for the first time to gather by direct communication with Johnstown. In this communication the facts attending the calamity in the Conemaugh Valley were briefly set forth, and the necessity for immediate and continued help for the suffering people was emphasized. Drexel & Co., previously designated by the Philadelphia committee, William R. Thompson & Co., previously named by the Pittsburg committee, and Jacob C. Bomberger, Esq., of Harrisburg, were designated as depositaries of funds intended for the relief of the sufferers by the floods in Pennsylvania.

Money in considerable amounts had been contributed in several localities on Sunday, the 2d of June, but on the following day the steady stream of beneficence began to flow and has continued without cessation until the present time (July 12th). At this date there have come into the hands of the Executive of Pennsylvania, and been deposited with the treasurer of the fund at Harrisburg, over one million of dollars.

The depositaries at Philadelphia and Pittsburg have each received almost eight hundred thousand dollars. The local committee at Johnstown has received in the neighborhood of two hundred thousand dollars. Various other local committees have received direct contributions for their immediate needs from their own localities and elsewhere aggregating probably two hundred thousand dollars ; so that the grand aggregate of contributions in money for the relief of sufferers by the floods in Pennsylvania will reach, if it has not already reached, the magnificent sum of three millions of dollars. To this must be added considerable sums still held by local committees, and the large contributions of supplies in kind furnished by the generous in many parts of the country who desired to afford speedy relief.

Nothing has been said as to the work of the beneficial and charitable organizations of the country which were early upon the ground at Johnstown with substantial aid and well-directed efforts for the alleviation of the suffering. Of the value of this work there can be no question, and it will ever be gratefully acknowledged by those who were its recipients. No means are at hand now, however, of estimating the amount expended through these several organizations. It is known to have been quite large, and

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the good effects of it will be felt for many days to come. It is hoped that, when the official report of the work is prepared, statistics may be gathered and suitable mention made of it.

A million of dollars is a large amount of money for a single individual to handle. Its disbursement under any circumstances involves great responsibility; but to one who has had experience in philanthropic work, and who has endeavored to meet both the wishes of donors and recipients of a charity fund, the responsibility assumes much larger proportions, and is undertaken with great reluctance. The Executive of Pennsylvania, early recognizing the fact that the amount of money named was likely to come into his hands for disbursement among the sufferers by floods in that State, sought to relieve himself of the burden of responsibility by calling to his aid gentlemen of well-known experience in business and philanthropic work, so that the disbursement of the fund should not rest upon his single individual judgment or responsibility. It was early ascertained also that with separate committees at Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Johnstown, Williamsport, and other points, acting independently of each other, and without knowledge of disbursements and appropriations made by each, great confusion was likely to ensue, with probable duplication and consequent injustice. It was, therefore, necessary to have the operations for relief unified as much as possible, and brought into consistency and harmony. It was thereupon determined to appoint a Commission, consisting of representatives from the various principal committees, so that the knowledge of what had been done, and the plans and purposes of each of the several committees, might be secured for the information and guidance of all. This Commission, consisting of ten gentlemen, was appointed on the eleventh day of June, and under its direction and management all the work of relief throughout the entire flooded districts has been conducted.

The members of the Commission made a personal examination of those localities which were considered to have suffered most by the late floods. Supplies of food and clothing had previously been furnished wherever needed. Where local committees were found in charge of relief, doing efficient work, and able to furnish the Commission with data upon which immediate distribution for the relief of sufferers could be made, money was at once appropriated and placed in the hands of

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these committees, to be used in such a way as their judgment might indicate. A position upon the Commission was offered to four different gentlemen of Johnstown, three of whom, by reason of the pressure of their private business, were unable to accept the trust, while the fourth, who was injured in the flood, was absent from home, and has but lately signified a like decision in regard to the matter. Being unable to secure a representative who by his personal knowledge could acquaint the members of the Commission with the immediate needs of the community, and being without data upon which intelligent action could be based, a representative of the Commission reluctantly undertook the work, and went to Johnstown with the intention of remaining there and giving personal attention to the gathering of data upon which the Commission might act in the distribution of the funds committed to its hands by a generous public. It is believed that this member of the Commission, coöperating with the local committee at Johnstown, which has been arduously engaged in gathering statistics, but has not yet been able to make a full report, will be able to meet the requirements of the situation, and bring the wants of the people more directly to the attention of the Commission. It is believed also that the preliminary work is about completed, and the losses and present condition of the inhabitants of the Conemaugh Valley are so far ascertained that intelligent efforts may be directed toward their more substantial relief.

The members of the Commission have regarded, and now regard, the funds at their command and disposal as a sacred trust, to be disbursed in accordance with the wishes of the donors, and in such a way as to meet, as far as possible, the reasonable expectations of those entitled to receive them. They regard this fund as one which must be disbursed upon the principles of charity, and not as an indemnity for losses in general sustained by individuals, without regard to their financial condition. It is, therefore, absolutely necessary to ascertain from each individual the amount of his losses, the amount saved from the wreck, the number dependent upon him or her, the ability to maintain those who are dependent, the relief, if any, obtained from other sources, and other like information upon which intelligent action can be based. This is an arduous work, requiring much time, particularly in a community whose very foundations have been destroyed and which is still in a chaotic condition. The wonder is that, with

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each individual so thoroughly buried in his own sorrow, this work has been so far advanced and so well done by the local committee. Although not yet completed, it is believed that enough has been ascertained to make a distribution to those who are most needy an easy matter in the immediate future. The distribution of money will be made, not so much as an indemnity for losses as a means of helping the recipients to help themselves; that being regarded as the best charity which gives a man command of himself and of his remaining resources, and enables him to put them to the best account.

It is not to be inferred, from what has been said in regard to substantial relief, that relief has not been furnished hitherto. From the first day of June down to the present time, relief, in a constant stream, has flowed to the sufferers of the Conemaugh Valley. Food and clothing have been furnished *ad libitum*. No one whose wants have been made known, or who could be induced to make known his wants, has suffered for the necessaries of life. Transportation has been furnished to all the inhabitants of the valley who desired to go elsewhere for recuperation, or for the purpose of seeking employment, or for visiting friends. Wherever needed, plain furniture for housekeeping has been furnished upon application.

Early recognizing the importance of opening the channels of trade and restoring the *media* of supply and demand, the Commission, after consultation with the New York committee, directed the erection upon two small public squares, placed at their disposal by the municipal authorities, of forty-eight small storerooms, which are placed, as soon as completed, in the hands of the Citizens' Committee, to be awarded for such business as, in their judgment, is most needed in the community. This has already stimulated trade, and is restoring business to its wonted channels. Merchants who are able to build on their own ground have erected temporary buildings, and still others have cleaned out their former places of business, and are engaged in their ordinary trade.

The members of the Chicago Committee of Relief, after visiting the ground, and with the experience which was the result of their disastrous fire, generously donated to the community one hundred portable houses, ten feet by twenty feet in size, which it was supposed could be erected in a few hours, and would afford temporary shelter until something better could be provided. At the

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earnest solicitation of the local committee, the Flood Relief Commission also contracted for two hundred houses from Chicago. One hundred were portable ones, ten by twenty feet, with a door at each end and two windows at each side, to be divided as the occupants might deem advisable. Another hundred houses were furnished, of a much better character, sixteen by twenty-four feet in size, making a desirable shelter; they can be divided into three rooms, and furnish pleasant accommodations for a family of four or five. Two hundred houses of a still more substantial character have been contracted for, each of which is two stories in height and contains four rooms. These the contractors have engaged to build as rapidly as they are wanted or as the sites can be furnished for the same. As many more such houses as may be needed will be built as required.

Some difficult and perplexing questions confront the Commission in the discharge of this part of their duty. Such houses, when built, are, of course, intended for the benefit of sufferers who have lost their homes and are unable to rebuild. Much of the desolated district is unfit to build upon. It is, therefore, necessary to secure ground elsewhere. Houses built upon the land of another might be claimed by the owner of the land. Importunate creditors might sweep away the benefactions so charitably intended only for the good of the sufferers. These and kindred questions are to be met, and met wisely. The representative of the Commission at Johnstown is a lawyer, has had much experience upon the bench, and is admirably qualified to handle just such questions, so that the wishes of the donors may be respected and the wants of the recipients carefully provided for.

Provision has also been made for the immediate distribution of a half million of dollars to the most needy of the sufferers of the Conemaugh Valley out of the funds at the disposal of the Commission, in the hope and with the expectation that the beneficial effects of such distribution, in stimulating building operations and restoring hope to the people, will more than counterbalance the evil effects which almost necessarily follow the distribution of cash to the recipients of charity; this sum being in addition to $150,000 already distributed by the Johnstown Committee to families in actual need at the rate of $10 *per capita*. It is, of course, well understood that, in the ordinary distribution of charity, it is unsafe and undesirable to intrust money to the

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hands of those who are to be relieved. Although the force of this rule is acknowledged by the Commission as applicable to ordinary cases of charity, it must be remembered that this is an extraordinary case, requires extraordinary treatment, and its exigencies are not likely to be met by the enforcement of ordinary rules.

In the work of relief so far carried on, the Commission and its representative, and the committees represented upon it, have expended between one and two million dollars in actual outlay and in contracts already made, the exact amount not being at present attainable, since bills have not in all cases been rendered.

In addition to the relief work thus carried on, the State, under the authority and supervision of the State Board of Health, has conducted an efficient and thoroughly well-organized work in clearing the channels of the rivers and removing the accumulations of débris from the streets of the desolated districts, at an expenditure of something like a quarter of a million dollars. It is entirely safe, therefore, to say that the work done through these various agencies for the relief of the Conemaugh Valley has cost, up to the present time, between a million and a half and two millions of dollars. The work of feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, sheltering the homeless, and giving cheer to the despondent, in the hands of the Relief Commission, will be carried on without interruption, and its operations extended as rapidly as it is possible to do so intelligently, and with due regard to the rights both of the donors and the recipients of the funds intrusted to its keeping. The police work of the State will also be continued until all nuisances are abated, and Johnstown and its neighboring boroughs shall be pronounced to be in good sanitary condition.

Provision for the widows and orphans, of more than a mere temporary character, must undoubtedly be made with care and discrimination. Continued relief for bodily wants must be furnished as long as the necessity exists, and reasonable provision made for such needs in the future. The funds in the hands of the Commission, so far as they can be made to meet the demands of those who are entitled to help, can be used legitimately and with beneficial effect in restoring the people of the various desolated regions to family life and to a position so far independent as to enable them to help themselves. It is well to reiterate the

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the plan and purpose of the Commission, so far as at present advised, to place people upon their feet and put them in a situation in which they can stand and walk alone. The dangers incident to the situation, which all experience has shown to be real, are appreciated, and no effort will be spared to reduce to a minimum the ill effects which must necessarily follow in the wake of a great wave of charity such as this.

Errors have been, and doubtless will be, committed. What seems to be tardiness to one is haste to another. The work of the Commission must be discharged, first, with reference to the obligations which are imposed upon it by the generous donors of the fund and their wishes in its distribution, and, second, with reference to meeting, so far as may be reasonable and just, the expectations of those who consider themselves entitled to its benefits.

This great charity fund, which constitutes a monument to the generous impulses of our common humanity, comes from many quarters. It is believed that every State and Territory of our country is represented in it. Our neighbors to the north of us and those to the south of us are also generous contributors to its upbuilding. England, Ireland, France, Germany, and other foreign countries share in donations to its fair proportions. A minute and careful record of all the contributions has been kept, and it is hoped that its publication, when the work of the Commission is completed, will show the source from which every cent has come. The donation, distribution, and reception of this fund give rise to many problems in social science, and the peculiarities of the situation, particularly in the Conemaugh Valley, raise very grave questions in regard to municipal government, which are full of interest, but which cannot now even be mentioned. Notwithstanding the fact that the government of some seven or eight municipalities was for the time utterly overthrown and in chaos, the strength of our institutions has been demonstrated, first, by the efforts of the civil authorities of Cambria County, in which the scene of the greatest devastation lies, and, second, upon the request of the sheriff of that county, by the presence of a small regiment of troops, not exceeding four hundred in number, which has now been reduced to less than one hundred and fifty.

The details of relief upon the ground at Johnstown were conducted, first, under the auspices of the Pittsburg Committee,

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and afterwards under the supervision of the Adjutant-General of Pennsylvania. This entire work has now been transferred to the hands of the citizens of this region, who are undoubtedly able to conduct it successfully in the future. The police work of the State will be carried on under the direction and the immediate supervision of the secretary of the State Board of Health.

If the fidelity, discretion, and devotion of the Commission having charge of the distribution of the great charity herein referred to shall be, in any degree, equal to the generosity which has prompted it, the full measure of the hopes of its members will be reached, and the desires of the donors and recipients of the funds fully met when this work has been completed. This is not to be expected. The members of the Commission are human, but this charity, so sublime in its proportions, and so beautiful in its inception, is something more than human.

JAMES A. BEAVER.

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PHILANTHROPY AT JOHNSTOWN.

BY CLARA BARTON, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS.

THE DIFFICULTIES attendant upon relief work at the field—and I have no experience in any other—can scarcely surpass that of attempting to record them in any collected or intelligible manner. The work of relief committees for the alleviation of distress resulting from great disasters must necessarily be two-fold. One part is the raising of funds and preparing of material among the people at home, which admits of the most perfect and methodical system, and hence can be thoroughly learned and transmitted from call to call. But for those who go to the scene itself to learn the needs, and, to some extent, receive and apply the contributions sent, it is quite another affair. Perhaps one of the chief difficulties to be encountered in the administration of relief at the scenes of disaster or need lies in the variety which it must assume in order to meet the ever-changing features presented. One can only adapt measures and invent methods; yet it is to be remembered that the principle of adaptation amounts almost to a science, and can be studied.

Of the twelve fields* on which the officers of the American Red Cross have operated since its organization in 1881, and borne a part more or less prominent, no two have been the same in general character, and only three or four in any manner similar. Yet it would probably be difficult to throw these people *hors du combat* in any field which they could reach; and much depends upon the ability to reach a field in time for greatest use. True, it is seldom that a body of victims are so completely cut off, not only from the help of the world, but from the world itself, as the fated resi-

* Forest fires of Michigan, 1881; Mississippi floods, 1882; Ohio floods, 1883; Mississippi cyclone, 1883; Ohio flood, 1884; Mississippi flood, 1884; Virginia epidemic, 1885; Texas drought, 1887; Charleston earthquake, 1887; Mount Vernon cyclone, 1888; yellow fever in Florida, 1888; Conemaugh Valley floods, 1889.

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dents of the Conemaugh Valley. The first despatches of Saturday were so wild in statement as to throw a doubt over their veracity. Sunday morning made it evident at Red Cross headquarters in Washington that the field must be reached if possible. The Potomac spread itself over Pennsylvania Avenue, and the Baltimore and Potomac station was reached only in boats. The Philadelphia auxiliary society was telegraphed to in the hope that it could find a way of reaching the ground direct. On Sunday evening we started for Baltimore, ordering all communications to be sent to Harrisburg, as probably the nearest point to be reached. The Pennsylvania Railroad was a sealed book, and so were our despatches and mails, two weeks elapsing before we got them, and we were from Sunday until Wednesday morning in going from Washington to Johnstown, and this by the first train.

The few houses left, being mainly upside down, were not habitable, and a place in a car was retained till a camp could be selected and tents unpacked and erected, which our resolute Philadelphians were not long in accomplishing. This was their first experience at the field, and although they were surgeons and physicians, equipped with all the fine instruments for surgery, I counted the blisters on their hands left by the shovels and axe-handles in pitching tents and digging trenches. The rain fell in continuous torrents. Access from the west had been more fortunate, and Pittsburg and Ohio were towers of strength to these bewildered wrecks of human beings. The town being under military control, it was, by nature of its international treaty, obligatory upon the Red Cross to report directly to the military officer in command. Headquarters were two miles from our camp; mountains of wreckage obstructed every pass way; the horses of the town were mostly lying dead along the banks. It remained only to make one's way in mud over boot-top and rain over head; but the cordial welcome of the gallant General Hastings, in command, and his genial neighbor, Axline, of Ohio, would have richly repaid a more difficult journey, if it had been possible to perform one. Other relief societies from the West were already arriving, and establishing quarters for work. Great depots of supplies were opened and filling up, and the crowds and lines of applicants swaying in front of the wide-open doors told a pitiful tale of want and woe. Here were arriving the supplies so systematically gathered and gloriously sent from the home relief, to whom their

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indiscriminate outpouring would doubtless have seemed sacrilegious waste. In the first dreadful moments, this was scarcely to be avoided; but the struggle comes in the herculean effort which must later be made to correct and discriminate in all this wholesale distribution.

It is probable that no other problem is so difficult to solve. No question has lain more heavily on the hearts and brains of good men; for it has been mainly men who have had these matters in charge, and more than one, perplexed and discouraged in his unaccustomed rôle, has said to me, with a sad shake of the head: "But this is work of which women should have charge; we men are wasteful." And as often as I have heard this, my own heart has been touched by the unskilled and patient efforts which these men were making to do this kind of woman's work. Time and experience will later point a remedy for this state of things. Great advances have been made even in the last ten years.

No sooner was the terrible loss of life realized than the mother hearts turned to the little children. Every aid society in the land stirred its sleeping embers, and a perfect blaze of orphan-aid burst out over the entire country. All who could, sent deputations to gather up the orphans who were supposed to be wandering and crying in herds about the town. Others opened great places of refuge in city and country to receive them for either permanent or transient care, and every family that could arrange to take in a child wrote to some one on the spot to get one for them, to be sent by express or any safe conveyance to some point where it could be met; often the color of the eyes designated, the disposition specified, and the point urged that it be of good family. It is safe to say that applications for several thousands of these little waifs have been received in the mails of the Red Cross alone, which was known not to be in any connection with this feature of the work. What must it have been for those who were? and how difficult for them, as for us, to write continually to these good, tender-hearted people that there were no orphans in Johnstown—certainly not more than in ordinary times; that the same foe that swept the parents in full strength did not spare the helpless children! I have pitied the mistaken efforts of orphan-aid societies, for I knew that the noble representatives and workers they had sent here had blotted the pages with tears as day after day they wrote out the pitiful refrain:

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"There are no orphans here; the children are dead, save the few that have been carried through the waters of death by miracle, whose friends cannot give them up."

Another mistake growing out of an illusion of a very similar nature has been that of the prevalence of sickness and wounds, and the consequent need of great numbers of physicians and nurses. The same argument applies here as to the children; the weak ones could not outlast the fatigue and exposure of days and nights in the water, climbing and leaping from wreck to wreck, crushing and grinding between floating timbers, iron girders, and even driving engines plowing through the waters twenty feet beneath them. These went down from exhaustion, even if not wounded. Those who were hit and disabled found the second foe waiting. The water took them where the wounds left them, and between the two the end came; and even if there might have been in some instances an escape from a place of security sought on floating wreckage, the fire crept in—the third foe—and the most terrible of all deaths ensued. Thus it became literally a "survival of the fittest." The chronic invalids and the weak were mainly gone; those remaining were the strong, healthy, and vigorous. The excitement and constant exertion for life prevented colds and harm from exposure, and the rates of illness of any kind resulting from the flood have been marvellously small.

The epidemics and typhoids which have really cast a shadow over the whole country have never existed here. Up to this time there may have been some cases with typhoid symptoms, but that would be possible in any place and under any circumstances. I should doubt if to-day there is, or at any time since the flood has been, any greater percentage of illness than would have been the case if no catastrophe had taken place. Some local physicians were lost and all were broken up in their practice, but the survivors are trying to get on their feet again. Volunteers from abroad are endeavoring to do the work gratuitously while there is no money to pay for medical attendance, and thus to hold the practice for the resident physicians when they shall be ready to take it. Even this has been misunderstood and sent out to the world as a great strife between the local and volunteer physicians. The truth is, they are excellent friends; no paying case of a local physician is touched by any volunteer, or in any way taken from his hands, and the Philadelphia surgeons, at least, have labored assiduously

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to restore the instruments and medical outfit lost by the town physicians. The Red Cross physicians established several small hospital tents at first, and later they consolidated them in one good hospital, where excellent work is being done. They have had their difficulties and met them manfully, and, as young physicians, have learned some practical lessons in field work. The proffer of volunteer help from physicians and nurses so abundantly tendered has been most creditable to both as valuable classes of the community.

After all, it is, perhaps, the vast contributions of money and material around which the greater interest clusters, and in the dispensation of which the greater skill is required and the greater danger to be faced. To the worthy committees of Johnstown citizens who have been made the custodians of the vast sums contributed within the last five weeks for the relief of this valley too much manly and womanly sympathy cannot be extended. Many of them have seen their last dollar of earthly possessions swept from their grasp, and, side by side with the poor laborers whom they once employed, have dug day and night among the wrecks for some trace of the wife, son, or daughter, or all three, whom they believed to be crushed and buried beneath the ruins, and would fain take to a more fitting sepulchre. What absurdity to doubt that these men have the best good of their stricken neighbors at heart! What cruelty to suspect them! And yet before they are through with their task, their ears will hear these criticisms, and their weary souls will many times yearn for the peaceful rest that has come to their loved and lost.

It is always thus. I have never known it fail, and it comes to me over and over to doubt the wisdom and humanity of making the citizens of an afflicted town the custodians of the means contributed towards relief and restitution; to question whether it were not more kind and humane, and equally just, to place all this duty in the hands of a competent committee of strangers who are not to reside among the people; who, being perfectly disinterested, cannot be harmed by complaints and accusations. Indeed, would not the complaints be fewer, and the satisfaction more general, if these leading citizens, so needed among the people, should be left to them in good faith and confidence, to lead and advise them as they have been wont to do? But as is generally the case, the citizens who serve on the committee are forever lost to the

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people through the scandal and distrust which the greed of the ignorant populace brings upon them. Of the little dissensions and jealousies, State, city, town, and otherwise, mainly growing out of ambition and what in women would be vanity, I have nothing to say, but much to hope for, when it all shall have worked itself clear and settled down to good steady purpose. These committees find difficulties enough which require no pointing-out in order to be seen. Coming nearer home, our own work pictures itself in bright relief to my gaze as having met few difficulties, thus far, which hard work, patience, and the exercise of the best judgment possessed could not overcome.

As previously mentioned, the Red Cross here has consisted of a two-fold force—a portion of the National Association from its headquarters at Washington, with valuable acquisitions in the persons of its members drawn from over the United States. Of these we have called nearly a score for the sake of their aid and counsel. The second force, consisting of the Branch Society of the Red Cross of Philadelphia, has brought to its aid some forty or more persons, mainly physicians and nurses, and has held a valuable commissary department, distributing largely. It would be gratifying to mention by name some of the ladies and gentlemen whose volunteer service the labors of these few weeks have called to our aid, and of whom it might literally be said that it was a liberal education to know them. One whose privilege it is to preside over assistants like these is humbled to the dust by praise tendered for effort or success : with such lieutenants as gather to the national standard of the Red Cross, what captain could fail ?

But there were some perplexities, not to say trials, as, for instance, before one had a dry corner of a box on which to transact business the mails commenced to bring in a hundred letters and telegrams per day, containing checks, drafts, money-orders, postal notes, orders to draw, and money by the United States Express, American Express, and Adams Express. The banks had all gone down stream, the safes were in the bottom of the Conemaugh, half the business men dead, our desk a dry-goods box turned sidewise, our combination-lock the tangled strings that drew together the sides of a flyless tent flapping and swaying in the wind. The Western Union was so overcrowded that despatches were often twenty-four hours late. But if thanks went for anything, if words were of any avail, what would one try to say of the tire-

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less courtesy of its worn-down clerks? Sleepless, vigilant, weary, and faint, they toiled on, stimulated, one knows, by the great-hearted, generous example above them, which bids them ever, in the name of humanity, to count all loss as gain, so the afflicted are comforted and the needy find a friend. The consolation and safeguard was that steady-browed stenographer with her hundred and seventy words a minute.

Checks were not immediately available, but express funds came to the rescue; and before even a tent was prepared the material commenced to arrive from every source—boxes, barrels, trunks, baskets, bundles, car-loads. Letters upon letters told that such and such boxes had been sent, special distribution desired in special ways, and "Please acknowledge as soon as received." Every station and express office were thronged with similar freight—perhaps thousands of packages every day—and a dozen commissaries were open, with thrifty agents and active drivers claiming their goods immediately for distribution. The teams drove up with a score or more of ponderous boxes and barrels all marked to the President of the Red Cross, at Johnstown, Pennsylvania; but from nowhere, if one shall except Philadelphia, with the distinctive regulation sign which would have insured safety. Then commenced the search to find who had sent all this. Often not a modest word, not even a pencil-mark, or a mere pencil-mark, if anything, and no intimation of what it contained. How shall it be "acknowledged as soon as received"? You want immediately some sheets and bedding for some one who waits, and you commence on one of these boxes. After the labor of a man is expended, and five minutes consumed, you discover that the box contains dresses and shoes. Attack another—men's clothing; another—sundries, dried fruit, pickles; another—canned goods, condensed milk, rice, and ground coffee, the two latter broken open and sifted through. The weary, waiting woman is tired, and so are you, and you give up the search, call off your men, and resolve to tell all givers in the land before you sleep to place their address plainly, and a schedule of contents, on the outside of every package of relief goods ever sent.

Soon the anxious letters commence to arrive asking if "our boxes are received." You presume they are, but are not quite certain by whom. Every agent or employee indignantly affirms that he "never took anything with a red cross on it to his head-

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quarters"; and so one believes. These are difficulties which, if not quite surmountable, have at least been borne, and will lessen in time. This necessary display of opening all boxes at once, whether needed at the moment or not, gave to youthful and unaccustomed eyes, more likely to look among storehouses and headquarters than the crowded haunts of the people in the mud and on the ground, the impression of far more material than was actually here; and forgetting the appalling fact that twenty thousand people were to be supplied over and over with every necessary of life, they were misled, formed hasty and damaging conclusions, and before two weeks had passed the reports went out to all the country that there was nothing more needed at Johnstown—they could not use what they already had in two years, and no more should be sent. Poor, dazed, speechless, uncomplaining, homeless, frightened, and bereft! weary mourners digging in the river banks, watching in the morgues! poor Johnstown! poor fifty miles of Conemaugh! Who has named your spokesman? who has appointed your guardians? Then doubled the letters on our desks. "Is it true, what we read? Can all be supplied so soon? Must we hold our goods or money? Can you make no use of them or us in all that region? Tell us at once, we beg of you." Then came need for two stenographers, that one be not worn out; and here they are day and night; and here is a woman's brain, busy with houses, lots, workmen, workwomen, trains, lumber, and applicants of all descriptions, dictating in hurried snatches this crude, disconnected article, which must be left where and as it is, to the mercy of the magnanimous and forgiving; for the work is at its height and cannot be told until accomplished.

For an impression of the interesting personality of this individual, the readers must be referred to the illustrations so profusely placed before them in the great journals of the day—namely, a chubby face and form, curly hair, fixed smile beaming with *un*intelligence, affecting a nurse's cap, neatly-folded kerchief, regulation dress, and benignly bearing a teacup. Alas! I am dreadfully afraid she does not always wear that becoming smile; is too hard worked and hard thought for a plump, chubby face and figure; that the regulation suit and nurse's cap would suffer in two-weeks' rain and mud; and as for the teacup—

CLARA BARTON.

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THE LESSON OF CONEMAUGH.

BY MAJOR J. W. POWELL, DIRECTOR OF THE UNITED STATES GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

THE experiences of civilization teach many lessons that go unheeded until some great disaster comes as an object-lesson to recall to men's minds things known but half-forgotten. The Conemaugh disaster belongs to this category. For more than four thousand years civilized men have been constructing reservoirs in which to store water for various purposes. The conditions to be fulfilled in their construction are well known, for the lesson has been enforced upon mankind from the dawn of civilization to the present time by disasters too many to be enumerated.

Hydraulic engineering is the oldest scientific art. No other can compare with it in this respect, except that of architecture in its application to the building of temples and pyramids; but scientific engineering is even older than scientific architecture. Everywhere throughout the world civilization began in arid lands, and hydraulic engineering was the first great problem to be solved; and for this reason it was solved at an early time, and well solved. Something has been added through the years, but not much. In our own times these problems have come to be of far greater importance than they were in antiquity, and the civilized world has now reached the dawn of a day of hydraulic engineering of such magnitude that all the works hitherto accomplished are insignificant compared to those now to be planned and executed. Let the significance of this statement be briefly set forth.

One of the purposes for which hydraulic engineering has been prosecuted in late civilization is the utilization of powers otherwise running to waste. For a time a check has been given to this form of development by the introduction of steam, but at present the great transition in modern industries is from the employment of muscular power to the employment of the physical powers of nature, and it is probable that the resort to water-power will rapidly increase in the immediate

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future. It certainly will if the dream of modern electrical science is realized, so that water-power can be economically converted into electric power and transported from place to place. If this is done,—and its accomplishment is hardly to be considered Utopian,—all our highland streams will immediately become of value as powers, and dams and reservoirs must be constructed in far greater numbers than in the past.

Modern sanitary science condemns well water for domestic purposes in cities, towns, and villages. Disease is at the bottom of a well; health in the waters of the heavens; and the people must have this pure water. The demand for highland waters for such purposes is rapidly increasing. The speedy development of city and town life under the new industrial conditions makes this one of the most important uses to which water can be applied. Wherever the houses of men are clustered reservoirs or systems of reservoirs must be built. Nothing can be more certain than that the storage of water for this purpose will greatly and quickly increase throughout the United States.

Along the course of every river there is a flood-plain of greater or less width. This is the plane established by the sediment washed from the hills and upper country and deposited along the course of the river outside of its low-water channel, but within the area covered by water at the time of greatest floods. These greatest floods are infrequent, and are not coincident with the annual floods, but much higher. The plane of the ordinary flood is much lower than this great flood-plain, which is established by the maximum floods, occurring ten, twenty, or even fifty years apart. Such flood-plains are the most fertile lands, and always tempt the agriculturist. Yet torrents sweep over them from time to time, destroying property in vast amounts, and even life. In lands already highly cultivated, densely populated, and of great value, protection from floods has come to be an important problem. One, and only one, method of protection is possible: the flood waters must be stored and allowed to find their way to the sea during times of low water. The preservation of lands in this manner accomplishes another end, as the navigable streams are improved thereby. Great floods destroy low-water channels by blocking them with natural dams. By storing the water of such floods, and discharging it during low-water time, these channels are kept open and a more equable volume is preserved.

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There is another use to which flood waters are put. Experience has shown that they contain vast stores of fertilizing elements. All other fertilizers that man can utilize sink into insignificance when compared with those furnished by flood waters. In highly-civilized and densely-populated lands this source of fertilization is already used, and it will be used more and more as the years go by. In the United States we are just beginning to appreciate this. The conditions under which agricultural operations have hitherto been carried on have not directed the attention of our farmers to this subject until of late years. It is far within the facts to state that any region of our country may have its agricultural production doubled by the use of its flowing waters for the fertilization of the lands. The time is rapidly coming when the flood waters of the country will be used for this purpose on a grand scale, and reservoirs will be constructed all over the land, as they are now in process of building in England, Germany, France, Italy, and other countries.

About two-fifths of the area of the United States is so arid that agriculture is impossible without artificial irrigation, the rainfall being insufficient for the fertilization of ordinary crops. In this region all agriculture depends upon the use of running streams. In all of this country, wherever agriculture is prosecuted, dams must be constructed, and the waters spread upon the lands through the agency of canals. Again, as the season of growing crops is comparatively short,—in most of the country it lasts from two to three months only,—the waters of the non-irrigating season will run to waste unless they are stored in reservoirs. Already the storing of these waters is begun; the people are constructing reservoirs, and will continue the process until all of the streams of the arid region are wholly utilized in this manner, so that no waste water runs to the sea. Less than a third of the streams of the arid region run to the sea, even now, as the great majority are "lost rivers." A little further explanation is necessary to understand how these waters are to be utilized.

The arid region is mountainous. Mountain ranges enclose valleys, while plains, mesas, and plateaus carry dead volcanoes on their backs. The precipitation of moisture on these lands is confined to the mountains, where it is excessive. The fertile lands along the plains and mountains are arid. In all the region agriculture is possible only by collecting the mountain waters and

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using them on the plains and valleys. Wherever a farm, a village, or a city is made, hydraulic works are necessary, and dams must be constructed and reservoirs built. Considering the whole country at large, its hydraulic industries are gigantic. In the region of country where land is more abundant than water, the value inheres in the water, not in the land. Land, like air, is found in greater quantities than can be used; water is the necessary, and value is given to the land by the water-right which it carries; if the water-right is dissevered, the land is valueless. These are not unfavorable conditions for agriculture, however. The farmer's industry is more attractive and more profitable in an arid than a humid region. All of the early civilization of the world began in arid lands, and the best agriculture of the world to-day is carried on by means of artificial irrigation. The seemingly-desert plains of the arid region of the West are, in fact, abundantly rich when watered artificially. The gentle storms of a humid region fructify the land, but its tempests drown vegetation. In such regions the planting season is now too dry and now too wet, and many a prospectively-rich harvest has been destroyed by a harvest-time storm. Agriculture in arid lands is not subject to these vicissitudes. The mountains catch the floods, while the valleys are fertilized by the hand of man, who turns the waters upon them at his will. At the day and hour he pleases he spreads the water upon his garden, his vineyard, or his field in quantities governed by his judgment. When harvest time comes, he reaps his field with a mind free from the fear of storms. Ultimately one of the great agricultural regions of this country will be found in the irrigated plains and valleys of the West. Sage-brush plains, sand-dune deserts, and alkaline valleys will be covered by gardens, fields, and groves, all perennially fertilized from thousands of mountain lakes.

Enough has been said to show that the storage of water in reservoirs is not one of the trivial incidents of modern industry, but one of its most important factors, and that in this country we have only reached the beginning of its development. We may expect, in the course of a few generations, that all the highland streams of America will be controlled and utilized, and that the floods will be bridled and become the trained servants of man, as wild beasts have been domesticated for his use.

In view of these facts, it is only the thoughtless man, governed by the impulse of the hour, and dragged from the throne of his

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reason by the emotions which arise at human suffering, who will believe that the vast industries which have been mentioned must be stopped because hydraulic power, when improperly controlled, may become an agent of destruction. Badly-constructed houses may fall and overwhelm families, but no check to the construction of houses will be made thereby. Fires will cause conflagration, yet homes will be warmed. Bridges may give way and trains leap into the abyss, yet bridges will be erected. Cars will leave the track and plunge travellers over embankments, but railroads will be operated. Dams will give way and waters overwhelm the people of the valley below, but dams will still be built.

What lesson, then, is there in the Conemaugh disaster? Nothing new to scientific engineering, but a very old lesson, that must needs be taught to mankind again and again. From the accounts which have appeared in the scientific journals, it seems that the dam was properly constructed. Earth dams are more common than all others. Most of the dams constructed for four thousand years have been, in all essential particulars, like that at Conemaugh. Where, then, was the trouble? In the construction of the dam there was a total neglect to consider the first and fundamental problem—the duty the dam was required to perform. The works were not properly related to the natural conditions, and so a lake was made at Conemaugh which was for a long time a menace to the people below, and at last swept them to destruction.

When the construction of such a dam is proposed, the first thing to be done is to determine the amount of water to be controlled and the rate at which it will be delivered to the reservoir under maximum conditions of rainfall or snow-melting. The proper method of procedure is to determine, first, the area of the drainage basin supplying the reservoir; second, the declivities of the supplying basin.

The very first thing, then, is a topographic survey.

The second need is a hydrographic survey.

The precipitation in rain and snow over the basin must be determined as an average from year to year, and also the maximum precipitation at the times of great flood. This must be supplemented by the gauging of streams to determine their average volume and maximum volumes. All of these factors are necessary and preliminary to the construction of a safe and efficient reservoir system by making mountain lakes. Before a reservoir

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dam is constructed, it is of prime importance to determine what will be required of it. With these facts ascertained, the engineer can easily plan works adequate to control the forces involved; he can readily determine how much water he can store, and what waste-way will be necessary to discharge the surplus.

The art of dam-construction is quite within the grasp of every intelligent engineer. In the case of solid masonry dams, the waste-way is over the whole surface of the dam, as at the Great Falls of the Potomac, where a dam has been constructed to divert the water into the reservoirs that supply Washington. But masonry dams are few; earth dams, and those related to them, are many, and, with these, special waste-ways must be provided, adequate to meet all possible emergencies. The rules for their construction are well known, and have been known for tens of centuries. In American engineering, that which has been most neglected is a precise determination of the duty of the dam,—the conditions which it must fulfil or else be destroyed. These can be determined only by a topographic survey, which gives the area of the drainage basin and its grade-curves. To this must be added a hydrographic survey, which may have to extend over some years. It is not necessary that this survey in all its parts should be over each basin where a reservoir is to be constructed. The average and maximum rate of precipitation may be determined for large regions, and the general facts used for the several cases, always allowing a margin for safety. But the topographic survey and the stream-gauging are essential to each individual basin.

There are other factors to be determined that are important to persons engaged in constructing reservoirs for industrial purposes. Two may be mentioned here. The streams feeding the reservoir should be gauged for the purpose of determining the amount of sediment they carry, in order that the life of the reservoirs may be known, or that the proper engineering appliances may be devised to discharge such sediment; and the rate of evaporation should be ascertained, so as to know how much water is lost thereby.

In the construction of reservoirs in the arid region there are important problems not pertaining to humid regions. To a large extent the sources of the water are in high mountains, where the chief precipitation is snow, which, to some extent, stores itself in snow-banks and glacial fields, to be melted by the summer sun at the time when irrigation is required. The upper portions of

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these mountains are largely treeless—a condition favorable to the storage of snow. In a forest region the snows are evenly distributed over the entire surface, and are quickly melted when the summer rains and suns come; but in a treeless region the snows are accumulated in great drifts in the lee of rocks and cliffs and under the walls of gorges and canyons. Such great drifts are themselves stupendous reservoirs of water, and artificial works are necessary only to control the flow properly and distribute the water at the places and times needed. Wherever the chief precipitation is snow, forests are a disadvantage if the waters are needed in the valleys below for irrigation, for the forests keep the snow distributed over broad areas of ground and expose it to the winds on their trunks, branches, and leaves, so that altogether the mountain evaporation is enormously increased as compared with the evaporation from snow-drifts and ice-fields. On the other hand, in low mountain and hilly regions of humid lands, forests about the sources of the streams are of advantage in two ways: the water being in excess, increased evaporation is advantageous; and the forests serve to hold back the water and thus equalize the flow through the year and greatly mitigate the floods.

Whether forests increase the amount of rainfall has long been discussed, and lately it has been the subject of careful scientific investigation. The outcome of all this research is that, if forests do, in fact, increase rainfall, it is to such a slight extent that our present means of investigation are not sufficiently refined to prove it.

Such are the facts to be collected as preliminary to the construction of a reservoir system. To neglect the essential facts is to be guilty of criminal neglect. The history of mountain-lake construction, throughout all the countries of engineering enterprise, is full of lessons like that taught at Conemaugh, and the lessons have always been enforced by the destruction of property and life; they have always been emphasized by dire disaster. Modern industries are handling the forces of nature on a stupendous scale. The coal-fields of the world are now on fire to work for man; chemical forces, as giant explosives, are used as his servants; the lightnings are harnessed and floods are tamed. Woe to the people who trust these powers to the hands of fools! Then wealth is destroyed, homes are overwhelmed, and loved ones killed.

J. W. POWELL.

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A WORD WITH PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

BY THE REV. LYMAN ABBOTT, D.D., PASTOR OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN.

IN A SERIES of articles which Professor Huxley has been contributing to the *Nineteenth Century* on Agnosticism, he has furnished what seem to me to be two quite different, if not wholly inconsistent, definitions of the term. If any one ought to know what the word Agnostic means, surely he should; for it originated with him, and he gives in the first of these articles a humorous account of its origin.

"When I reached intellectual maturity and began to ask myself whether I was an atheist, a theist, or a panthlist; a materialist or an idealist; a Christian or a free-thinker, I found that the more I learned and reflected, the less ready was the answer; until, at last, I came to the conclusion that I had neither art nor part with any of these denominations, except the last. The one thing in which most of these good people were agreed was the one thing in which I differed from them. They were quite sure they had attained a certain 'gnosis,'—had, more or less successfully, solved the problem of existence; while I was quite sure I had not, and had a pretty strong conviction that the problem was insoluble. . . . This was my situation when I had the good fortune to find a place among the members of that remarkable confraternity of antagonists, long since deceased, but of green and pious memory, the Metaphysical Society. Every variety of philosophical and theological opinion was represented there, and expressed itself with entire openness; most of my colleagues were -ists of one sort or another; and, however kind and friendly they might be, I, the man without a rag of a label to cover himself with, could not fail to have some of the uneasy feelings which must have beset the historical fox when, after leaving the trap in which his tail remained, he presented himself to his normally-elongated companions. So I took thought, and invented what I conceived to be the appropriate title of 'agnostic.' It came into my head as suggestively antithetic to the 'gnostic' of church history, who professed to know so much about the very things of which I was ignorant; and I took the earliest opportunity of parading it at our Society, to show that I, too, had a tail, like the other foxes. To my great satisfaction, the term took, and when the *Spectator* had stood godfather to it, any suspicion in the mind of respectable people that a knowledge of its parentage might have awakened was, of course, completely lulled."

If this is a correct definition of Agnosticism; if an Agnostic is one who believes that knowledge is necessarily imperfect and fragmentary; that no one can furnish a complete, comprehensive, and satisfying interpretation of the universe; that "we know in

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part, and we prophesy in part," certainly Paul was an Agnostic, and it is no discredit for one who believes in the Pauline theology to confess himself an Agnostic also. One may even rejoice at the good work which avowed Agnostics have done in teaching that there are limits to religious thought, even if he does not consent to set the same rules and bonds to the human intellect; at least he may recognize in current Agnosticism a natural and not altogether unhealthy reaction against the self-conceited dogmatism which undertakes, at once, to furnish a universal knowledge of spiritual things and to excommunicate all who decline to accept the system furnished them ready made. But after writing two articles which attack the Christian faith in the Christian revelation, Professor Huxley seems to come to the conclusion that the definition which he has afforded of Agnosticism is insufficient to serve as a point of advantage for his attack on Christian believers; and, apparently in naïve unconsciousness that he has shifted his ground, he suddenly furnishes, in an off-hand and quite incidental manner, a new and radically different definition of Agnosticism.

"Agnosticism is not properly described as a 'negative' creed, nor, indeed, as a creed of any kind, except in so far as it expresses absolute faith in the validity of a principle which is as much ethical as intellectual. This principle may be stated in various ways, but they all amount to this: that it is wrong for a man to say that he is certain of the truth of any proposition, unless he can produce evidence which logically justifies that certainty. This is what Agnosticism asserts; and, in my opinion, it is all that is essential to Agnosticism. That which Agnostics deny and repudiate as immoral is the contrary doctrine, that there are propositions which men ought to believe without logical scientific evidence."

These two definitions, it is evident, are not the same; they are not even similar; they have no particular relation to each other. An Agnostic is one who believes that all knowledge is imperfect and fragmentary; that we know, for example, the essence of neither matter nor spirit, but only the qualities and relations of each. Then I acknowledge myself an Agnostic. An Agnostic is one who says that all certainty is based on the logical faculty. Then I am not an Agnostic.

Accepting Mr. Huxley's second definition as the correct one, I desire to put clearly before the reader of these pages the two contrasted conceptions of the human mind—the Gnostic and the Agnostic. For it is evident that the issue between them is primarily philosophic, not religious; it is a question, not of what we ought to do, but of what we can know; it relates primarily to

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our ability, only secondarily to our duty; it is psychological, not ethical.

Over against Mr. Huxley's Agnostic principle, then,—that the soul can obtain certainty only by evidence which logically justifies that certainty,—I desire to put the contrary, and, if the reader pleases, the Gnostic, principle—that there are propositions which men ought to believe without logically-satisfying evidence. This, undoubtedly, the Gnostics believe, and this Gnostic belief I frankly confess to be my personal profound conviction.

To illustrate the Gnostic position in the first instance by an illustration to which no theological prejudices can attach, I turn to Mark Twain's "Tramp Abroad," and quote from that Gnostic philosopher, albeit it is probable that when he wrote he was quite unconscious whether he was a Gnostic or an Agnostic.

"In conversation with an artist in Venice, I asked, What is it that people see in the Old Masters? I have been in the Doge's Palace, and I saw several acres of very bad drawing, very bad perspective, and very incorrect proportions. . . . The artist said, 'Yes, the Old Masters often drew badly; they did not care much for truth and exactness in minor details. But after all, in spite of bad drawing, bad proportion, bad perspective, and a choice of subjects which no longer appeal to people as strongly as they did three hundred years ago, there is a something about these pictures which is divine,—a something which is above the art of any epoch since,—a something which would be the despair of artists, but that they do not hope or expect to attain it, and therefore do not worry about it.' That is what he said, and he said what he believed; and not only believed, but felt. Reasoning—especially reasoning without technical knowledge—must be put aside in cases of this kind. It cannot assist the inquirer. It will lead him in the most logical progression to what in the eyes of artists would be a most illogical conclusion. Thus: bad drawing, bad proportion, bad perspective, indifference to truthful detail, color which gets its merit from time—these things constitute the Old Master; conclusion, the Old Master was a bad painter, the Old Master was not an Old Master at all, but an Old Apprentice. Your friend the artist will grant your premises, but deny your conclusions; he will maintain that, notwithstanding this formidable list of confessed defects, there is still a something that is divine and unapproachable about the Old Masters, and that there is no arguing the fact away by any system of reasoning whatever.

"I can believe that. There are women who have an indefinable charm in their faces which makes them beautiful to their intimates; but a cold stranger who tried to reason the matter out and find this beauty would fail. He would say of one of these women, 'This chin is too short, this nose is too long, this forehead is too high, this hair is too red, this complexion is too palid, the perspective of the entire composition is incorrect; conclusion, the woman is not beautiful.' But her nearest friend might say, and say truly, Your premises are right, your logic faultless, but your conclusion is wrong nevertheless; she is an Old Master,—she is beautiful, but only to such as know her; it is a beauty which cannot be formulated, but it is there just the same."

The reader will pardon so long a quotation. But it states the Gnostic position with great clearness; and as a testimony it is more valuable since it may be safely assumed that the writer had no idea of contributing anything to a philosophical discussion, or

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of ranking himself with either one of two conflicting schools. He supposed himself to be uttering a truth which any one would recognize; and it may be added that any one not in a controversial mood probably would recognize the truth of his utterance. And yet if we are to apply to it Mr. Huxley's principle of Agnosticism, both the artist, in stating that he is certain that there is a divine beauty in the Old Masters, and Mark Twain, in asserting that he is certain that there is a beauty in a homely woman, are not only mistaken, but immoral, since each says that he is certain of the objective truth of a proposition, and yet cannot produce evidence which logically justifies that certainty.

At all events, this quotation will, perhaps, suffice better than any argumentative statement of my own could do to make clear the radical difference between Agnostic and Gnostic. The Agnostic believes that all certainty enters the human mind through the logical faculty, and that it is immoral to assume certainty for any truth not certified by evidence which logically justifies that certainty. Gnostics, on the contrary, avow that there are other doors than the logical faculty by which certainty enters the human mind; that there are absolute convictions which are certified by evidence which the logical faculty is incompetent to certify. It believes with Pascal "that the heart has reasons of its own which the reason knows nothing of." It believes that the soul is furnished with a sixth sense, a super-sensible faculty, sometimes called faith, sometimes called imagination, sometimes called insight, which gives direct and immediate cognizance of invisible and spiritual truths that neither the senses nor the logical faculty can perceive. It is this sixth sense in the artist which sees the divine something which the mere mechanic or even the mere critic cannot see; which in the friend discerns beneath the features of the pure and noble woman a beauty which the sculptor's art cannot imitate and the sun cannot copy. The Gnostic sees a golden beauty in a field of daisies, while the Agnostic farmer sees only a weed that impairs the hay crop. The Gnostic hears in the strains of the organ or the orchestra a spiritual voice speaking,—the voice of Beethoven, Schumann, or Wagner,—while the Agnostic, closing all doors of the soul to truth except the door of logic, hears only so many violins, 'cellos, flutes, and brass instruments, or, at best, certain extraordinary chords and combinations to be scientifically studied

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and critically analyzed. The Gnostic does not—at least he ought not to—imitate the dogmatism of the Agnostic by declaring that it is immoral to deny that we can be certain of the objective truth of propositions without logical evidence to certify them. He pities, rather than condemns, the man who is deficient in the faculty of spiritual vision. He looks upon him as one who, having eyes, sees not, and, having ears, hears not. But he declares with great and growing positiveness of conviction that this philosophy, which denies to man all faculty of discernment except the logical faculty, and all certainty of truth except that which logic ratifies, is narrow and unscientific; and if not in itself immoral, and if held, as it certainly is, by some men of pure and lofty ethical natures, yet would, if it were ever generally adopted, dissolve the very foundations of the moral life.

For there is no evidence which logically justifies the moral certainties on which modern society is built. If Professor Huxley were to attempt by a logical process to convince a South Sea Islander that cannibalism is wrong, he would certainly be eaten up as soon as he had completed his demonstration. His only hope would be to develop a moral faculty which would, without the aid of logic or the reënforcement of evidence, perceive the moral hatefulness of the practice. When a convict is sent up to the Elmira Reformatory, Mr. Brockway, the distinguished superintendent, does not begin with a course in philosophy to render more acute the logical faculty of the Agnostic before him, who is not certain that it is wrong to steal because he has had no evidence which justifies that certainty. He gives the man a bath, and puts him in the workshops, and under moral discipline. He sets to work to develop in the convict a moral habit out of which will grow in time a clear moral perception. The man who relies on evidence to justify the certainty that robbery and murder are immoral is a very unsafe neighbor. In fact, it is doubtful whether there is any evidence which will suffice in a purely logical mind to produce that certainty. Why shall I not lie? Because it will injure my neighbor? But there is not always evidence which will justify the certainty that it will injure my neighbor. Is it, then, uncertain whether it is wrong to lie in such cases? No! Not according to Mr. Huxley, whose condemnation of lying in the interest of good morals I heartily agree with. But, even supposing lying always did injure my neighbor,

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why should I not lie if it will benefit myself? What evidence is there which will justify the certainty either that lying will always be an injury to me, or that there is any obligation on my part to abstain from it when it will be a benefit to me? The evidence is in the soul itself; in its own moral perception of the beauty of truth and the hatefulness of lying. If any man has not a soul which perceives this beauty and its deformity, the remedy is not new evidence addressed to the logical faculty, but a new soul; or, if this be thought too theological a phrase, then such a course of instruction as will develop the now rudimentary faculty of conscience.

It will not be expected that in such an article as this I should enter into any argument for the Gnostic philosophy; I content myself here simply with accepting the challenge which Professor Huxley has thrown down, and saying for myself, and I rather think I may say it also for the great mass of Christian believers, that we deny his axiom "that it is wrong for any man to say that he is confident of the objective truth of any proposition unless he can produce evidence which logically justifies that certainty." We avow, on the contrary, that the highest certainties, those on which all æsthetic, all domestic, all political and national life are based,—the certainties of the moral and spiritual realm,—are attested, not by the logical faculty at all, but by an entirely different faculty, by a power of direct moral and spiritual vision. These spiritual certainties are no more dependent on the logical faculty than is the certainty of those material phenomena which are objects of physical sight. And they are no more logically demonstrable to men who are lacking in spiritual vision than colors are logically demonstrable to men who are color-blind. We take only a languid interest in the critical discussion as to the authorship of the four gospels. We find in them a portrait of a character which transcends human limitations, and that is enough. Who painted the portrait is a matter of minor concern. We attend without anxiety to the materialistic investigations into the physical organism of man, and listen with absolute incredulity to the conclusion of the Positivist that there is no freedom of the will. Our answer is Ben Jonson's—"All argument is against the freedom of the will; we know we're free and that's the end on't." We find our faith neither strengthened by philosophical arguments in support of immortality, nor weakened by philosophical argu-

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ments against it. We realize in ourselves a nature superior to disease, decay, mortality; we do not think we *shall* be immortal—we know that we *now are* so. We do not accept God because he is logically presented to us as the most convenient hypothesis to account for the creation. A divine spirit looks out from nature and from life into our own souls, as the human spirit from the eyes of the wife and the mother. We are sorry for the Agnostic who does not see with our eyes. But we decline to accept the limitations which are of his own fashioning, or to deny that we know what we know, because he has closed in his own soul the windows which we have left open, and shut out from himself the vision which lies open and patent and visible and certain before us.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

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AN ENGLISH VIEW OF THE CIVIL WAR.

III.

BY GENERAL VISCOUNT WOLSELEY, K. P., ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

In my last article the conduct of the War was chiefly examined from the Northern side. Turning now to the South, the contrast in its management by the Confederate leaders during this part of the War is very conspicuous. Already the general scheme of the War had practically passed under General Robert Lee's direction, though in the earlier period he acted only as adviser to the President, whilst Johnston commanded the army between Richmond and Washington in the Peninsula. There are some who think that war is a game of pure chance, in which great leaders form their plans on some unintelligible inspiration which guides them as to the right course to be pursued, that they draw nothing from the experience of earlier wars, and that none can tell why one man succeeds and another fails. Let those who think thus call to mind the words I have quoted from Stonewall Jackson, drawn absolutely and merely from his knowledge of war, as learned from the great leaders of former days. Then let them observe how, in practice, both Lee on the larger and Jackson on the minor scale applied them, and to how great an extent the triumphs of their armies were due to the skilful application of those principles. Moreover, since, as Burns tells us, the best-laid schemes "o' mice and men gang aft agley," let them note how, when the men failed, the principles asserted their importance.

In the first place, consider the respective forces in the Shenandoah Valley and neighboring departments. Jackson had an available force at first, in the beginning of March, 1862, of about 5,000 men, strengthened at the beginning of May by Ewell's division, which raised his army to perhaps 14,000 men. According to the careful estimate of the editors (note page 285), there were opposed to him in the Valley 44,840 men. In addition, there were in

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the neighboring departments, available for the march on Richmond, a number of troops that brought up their forces to 80,000 men. As a great strategic question, the object desired by the employment of Jackson's little army in the Shenandoah Valley was to keep occupied and retain there as large a number of the Federal forces as possible, so that the main Confederate army engaged in the decisive issue against McClellan should have every possible chance. In fact, it was Jackson's rôle to prevent any reënforcements from being sent to McClellan, and, above all things, to create an alarm at Washington for the safety of that capital.

In his first action at Kernstown, when he was acting purely on the defensive, Jackson's object was simply to "mystify" the enemy as to his actual numbers. This he accomplished, time after time, by the choice of strong positions, where, without committing himself to a decisive action, he was still able to deal with considerable portions of the enemy's forces. In these operations, therefore, he qualified his general principle, "to remain quiescent in presence of superior force," by giving battle whenever attacked by fractions of the Union forces. He succeeded in his larger purpose, for the alarm he created at Washington was sufficient to stop any further troops being withdrawn from the Valley, and Banks's corps, then on its march to the Potomac, was stopped and turned back towards Winchester. This action at Kernstown took place on March 23, 1862, and it was on his arrival at Fort Monroe, on April 2, that General McClellan received a telegram withdrawing 10,000 men from his command. It is, therefore, reasonable to conclude that this weakening of the Army of the Potomac was consequent upon Jackson's demonstration towards Winchester with a tiny army, whose vigor caused its strength to be, as usual, so greatly exaggerated. Thus he had already begun "mystifying and misleading" his enemy.

It is, however, his next moves which afford the most brilliant illustrations of his military principles. His sudden disappearance and supposed flight from Port Republic, allowing despair to settle on the minds of all of his friends in the Valley, had the result he intended; that is, their genuine beliefs and anxieties at once reached the enemy. This led to a hasty pursuit, which enabled him to use the very trains he had collected for a supposed start for Richmond, to take him back in time to crush the foremost pursuers at the village of McDowell. So completely, despite the

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disparity of numbers between 14,000 and 44,800 men, had he shown how "a small army may destroy a large one in detail" that, as General Schenck, who commanded against him, tells us, "the only question was, how best to extricate ourselves from this disadvantageous position in the presence of a force of the enemy largely superior in numbers."

Then came another mysterious disappearance. Again with superior numbers he struck Fort Royal, surprised it, scattered the force opposed to him, and then "never let up in the pursuit" as long as his men had strength to follow. He then passed round the rear of Banks's intrenchments at Strasbourg and struck him in flank as he retreated, capturing 3,000 men and enormous quantities of stores, and creating the wildest alarm at Washington, which incalculably multiplied the effect of his action. McDowell, then on the march to join McClellan, was ordered back, and told to detach 20,000 men to the Shenandoah Valley. It was impossible for Jackson to maintain himself long in the field with such greatly superior forces opposed to him. These brilliant successes, however, appear to me models of their kind, both in conception and in execution. They should be closely studied by all officers who wish to learn the art and science of war. His action at Cross Keys against Frémont, by which he kept him apart from Shields, contriving first to fight Frémont's 10,500 men with 13,000 in a favorable position, and then to crush Shields with 3,000 men, was an operation which stamped him as a military genius of a very high order. It must be remarked that McClellan was not taken in by these operations. He saw through them, and understood their object: not so, however, those who ruled at Washington.

Brilliant as these operations were, they would have missed their point and climax without the sudden transfer of Jackson's whole force, at the end of them, to join in the attack on the right wing of McClellan's army at Gaines's Mill. These operations in the Shenandoah Valley not only reduced to quiescence and inactivity the greatly superior Federal forces in that region, but made Mr. Lincoln feel anxious lest the Capital should be attacked from that quarter. To cover the heavy blows he struck within the Valley, Jackson had already so often spread false rumors of an immediate transfer of his force to Richmond that now, when really about to move there, the common rumor of his intention was not believed. The manner in which he thus mystified his

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enemy regarding this most important movement was a masterpiece. The one thing necessary was to disappear from all knowledge of the enemy immediately after he had delivered his last stunning blows in the Valley. For some time he left his cavalry watching the defeated enemy, whose ignorance of his whereabouts greatly increased the alarm at Washington. The effect of his ably-devised and skilfully-executed moves is fully acknowledged by Colonel Irwin, who admits that they were the cause of McDowell's forward movement to join McClellan being stopped. It will thus be seen that Jackson's 14,000 men had actually paralyzed the 80,000 Federal troops who were available in the theatre of his operations for a march upon Richmond.

Whilst Jackson's operations in the Shenandoah Valley had kept Richmond safe from alarms on that side, they had served to keep Washington in continual alarm. At last the mere terror he inspired became so far a substitute for his presence that he was able to get away to assist Lee in punishing the further error which Stanton's follies had entailed upon McClellan. The extension across the Chickahominy exposed the isolated right flank of the Federal army to the deadly blow which was about to be delivered against it. For that operation, with only the troops before Richmond, Lee had hardly sufficient strength. The transfer thither of Jackson's corps, however, effected the concentration of all the forces of the Confederacy then between Richmond and Washington. Lee was thus enabled to strike McClellan, who was left to his own resources; for the moral effect of Jackson's Valley operations was so great at Washington that McClellan could not expect any reënforcements. It was much easier to conceal from McClellan the direction of Jackson's move than it would have been that of any other force then in his front. In looking at the methods in detail by which this mystification of his enemy was secured, I am specially amused by the story which is told by General Imboden of General Whiting. After General Whiting's first interview with Jackson, and just at the moment when secrecy was absolutely necessary to the success of Jackson's transfer to the Chickahominy, we are told that General Whiting came away "in a towering passion, and declared that Jackson had treated him outrageously," and then, by way of explanation, added: "Oh, hang him! he was polite enough. But he didn't say one word about his plans. I finally asked him for

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orders, telling him what troops I had. He simply told me to go back to Staunton, and he would send me orders to-morrow. I haven't the slightest idea what they will be. I believe he hasn't any more sense than my horse."

How often have subordinates left their leader's headquarters under a similarly false impression! To dissemble well is an art useful to the general. Before this paper is finished it will be necessary to suggest that on one occasion General Lee himself suffered pretty severely for omitting a precaution of the kind. There are, of course, times when it is most necessary that subordinate officers should thoroughly understand and should have studied the general scope of the operations in which they are to coöperate. No pains can then be too great to insure that all thoroughly know the part to be played by every division, and how they themselves are to contribute to the result aimed at. As a rule, however, in these cases it is wise to let the plans be known as short a time beforehand as possible, and to take exceptional precautions that no knowledge even of their existence should leak out. In the case of a movement such as Jackson was then contemplating, there could be no need for a man in General Whiting's position to know it. Without knowing it at the time, he allowed his personal vanity to feel hurt because his curiosity had not been satisfied, and from this combined influence arose the unworthy want of confidence in his chief which here found vent in words. The vanity of small-minded subordinates makes them long to be consulted in the plans under consideration, and often to resent, as General Whiting did on this occasion, the reticence of their chief.

Now, these are just the kind of considerations which have to give way in war. What is known and believed in your own army is sure to reach the enemy, and before long to be known and believed in all his camps. Rumor has a thousand tongues, and it is amazing how many ears supply the tongue with information. The difficulty which arises when plans are communicated to nobody whatever must be freely admitted; for if the general be killed, his plans die with him. But this, which has been, in one or two of these papers, raised as an objection to Jackson's method, does not, I think, apply, because all his plans were known to Johnston or to Lee, with whom, whilst in the Shenandoah Valley, he was always in telegraphic communication. Any one who had succeeded to his command would naturally have applied by telegraph to Rich-

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mond for further instructions. As a rule, this difficulty is easily met by imparting confidence to the one officer who is usually necessary for the execution of details. That is one reason why it is so important to have a chief of the staff of rank, as the right-hand man of a commanding general. It was evidently Jackson's practice always to communicate his plans to one confidential subordinate. Indeed, so thoroughly does this seem to have been understood by his staff that Colonel Kyd Douglas (page 622) uses the expression, "It was *my turn* this day to be intrusted with the knowledge of his purpose." A general who acts thus must reckon upon being often misunderstood, and upon exciting at least some temporary ill-feeling among those of his subordinates who do not understand his method, who have not as yet learned to trust their chief implicitly, and who have not learned from the study of war to appreciate to the full the importance of secrecy and of the mystification of an enemy. That is one of the reasons why it is so indispensable for a man intrusted with high command to have about him those who do understand and fully trust him. The arrival of a man, no matter how able a soldier he may be, who allows himself to entertain towards his commanding officer the feelings of General Whiting, is a danger to the service of a state proportionate to the importance of his rank and the influence and authority which he exercises.

The brilliancy of Jackson's moves was marred by one flaw at the last. It is clear that he underestimated by nearly twenty-four hours the time when he could get his force into position to deliver its great blow against McClellan's right flank. This mistake on his part involved Lee in a premature attack, which cost the Confederates dear. I incline to attribute this to the fact that Jackson did not know the Peninsula as well as he knew the Shenandoah Valley. Apparently the roads by which he had been previously moving were at least fairly good when compared with the execrable bush roads—and even they were few in number—over which Lee and McClellan were then moving. His marvellously rapid marches could not have been made if they had not been so. The roads in the valley of the Chickahominy were of mud, which Napoleon, when suffering, during his Polish campaigns, from the same difficulty, called the "fifth element." Those marches of McClellan which created so much annoyance in Washington by their slowness—fifty-two miles in sixteen days—show how

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the mud was impeding movement on both sides. Relatively, therefore, Jackson's move was, in all probability, exhaustingly rapid; an effort made by his enthusiastic troops to accomplish what proved to be the impossible task for which he had pledged himself to Lee. Obviously the fault here lies in the neglect of the authorities at Richmond to have the ground in the Peninsula thoroughly surveyed and reported on. From all accounts it is clear that in this respect the Northern troops had a great advantage. Pains were taken by McClellan, whose education made him realize the importance of good maps, to have surveys and reports made of the whole country during his occupation of it. The Confederates, as so often happens with troops in their own country,—as was the case, for instance, with the French in 1870,—had omitted this precaution, and they paid dearly for the neglect. If the belief is correct that Jackson's troops had made a most exhausting effort prior to the battle of Gaines's Mill, that would account for the fact which has been so much commented on, and which produced so injurious an effect on the subsequent seven-days' battles, that Jackson did, after Gaines's Mill, "let up in the pursuit." His qualification of his own principle explains it,—"as long as your men have strength to follow." There is a point at which human energy, with the best troops, reaches its limit. Probably that limit had been passed by the end of the battle of Gaines's Mill.

It is desirable here to leave for the moment General Jackson at the end of his Shenandoah campaign and of his attack on McClellan's flank, and turn back to a period in the Peninsula antecedent to that attack. There is, obviously, some mystery which has not as yet been cleared up, which two men only can clear up, and on which they, for some reason or other, both seem indisposed to enlighten us, as to the first day's battle at Seven Pines. General Smith's account of that fight clearly throws the responsibility for the failure to crush the Federal left wing upon General Longstreet. Yet there were no written orders given to General Longstreet, and General J. E. Johnston himself seems unwilling to speak pointedly as to what his actual orders to Longstreet were. It seems to be writ large on the face of the facts that, if General J. E. Johnston's plans, as explained by General Smith, had been fully carried out during the early morning,—as it seems they easily might have been,—the whole of the Federal forces south of

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the Chickahominy on that morning would have been broken up, dispersed, or captured, and in all probability the slowly-arriving detachments from the north bank would, in their turn, have been driven into the river and destroyed. When two soldiers like Johnston and Longstreet decline to discuss the question, we have no business to try to set them by the ears. The deductions from the facts are in no way affected by the question as to which was to blame for allowing McClellan's forces to escape destruction. There can be no doubt, it would seem, that here, as elsewhere, bad maps and insufficient acquaintance with the ground were largely responsible for the confused crossing by the Confederate corps commanders of one another's routes, and for that dislocation of the intended order of battle which made complete success impossible.

That the position in which McClellan's army stood, part on one side and part on the other of a river liable to sudden floods, and apt in those floods to break down all means of communication across it, was a very dangerous one, is obvious at once. It is very evident that, as long as General J. E. Johnston was operating only with the army then present at Richmond, the Federal left wing was the right fraction for him to strike at. As the army defending Richmond could be wholly concentrated to the south of the Chickahominy without exposing the Capital, which lay well to the south, a sudden and secret movement against McClellan's left flank was easy, whilst an attack upon the right flank would have been tedious and difficult. The moment selected for the attack was happily chosen immediately after the river had risen in sudden flood. All that failed was the execution. In war there is in regard to almost every question a Scylla as well as a Charybdis to be avoided. When an elaborate combination of several corps over an intricate country had to be carried out by aid of very imperfect maps, it would have been better to have written orders explaining the whole situation prepared and given personally at the last moment to each of the commanders, the utmost precaution being taken against the loss of any one of the copies. It was a case in which, even if in the course of the day a copy had fallen into the enemy's hands, it would have profited him very little. Nothing could have enabled the Federal forces to the north of the Chickahominy to arrive in time to support the left, or the left to escape over the Chickahominy, if the Confederate corps had taken their proper directions. Nevertheless, here as else-

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where, one can only say that men, like mice, will often fail in their best efforts. By the second day the golden hours and opportunity had slipped away. The lost moment never returns in war.

It is interesting to compare this scheme of Johnston's with Lee's plan for attacking the right wing at Gaines's Mill. The situation had changed. This weak right wing of the Federals was now to the north of the Chickahominy River, as when Johnston attacked it had been on the south side, and Jackson's corps was now free to move, because of the paralysis of the troops against whom he had been contending. Moreover, the course of Jackson's operations had brought him relatively near to Richmond, and Stuart's brilliant ride round McClellan had given Lee full information as to the distribution of the Federal forces. The destruction of the Federal right would cut off McClellan's whole force from his original base. It is clear that at a very early date Lee anticipated the possibility of McClellan's transferring his communications to the James River, and may have calculated on that move before he ordered the attack on the Federal right wing. Such a change of base by McClellan would not affect the fact that the defeat of that wing would deprive the Federal army of vast supplies, and would provide the Confederates with stores of which they stood sorely in need. In addition to all these reasons, the attack on the Federal right could, by the arrival of Jackson's force, be developed with better chance of its being a surprise than any attack on the Federal left could have been. It is, therefore, clear that Lee's selection for his point of attack was as sound at Gaines's Mill as Johnston's attack on the left was at Seven Pines. The fact—a fact fully reckoned upon by Lee—that McClellan was counting upon the Federal forces west of the Blue Ridge to letain Jackson in the north, and that he was continually appealing on this subject to the authorities at Washington, helped to make the movement more deadly. Lee contrived very cleverly to make it be thought in the Federal army and at Washington that he was sending reënforcements to the Shenandoah Valley, when Jackson was in reality on his way to Mechanicsville.

The one just defence which McClellan is able to offer for the dangerous division of his army astride the Chickahominy is that, according to his statement,—and it is undisputed,—that distribution of his troops was expressly ordered

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from Washington, the object being that he might keep in communication with the force under McDowell, which, however, never came to his assistance. As quoted by Colonel Irwin (page 437), McClellan said: "Our men [at Gaines's Mill] did all that men could do, . . . but they were overwhelmed by vastly superior numbers, even after I brought my last reserves into action. . . . I have lost this battle because my force is too small." Clearly this assertion is not borne out by the facts. The last reserves of the whole army were never brought into action because they were then south of the Chickahominy River. The battle was lost because, owing to the separation of the right wing of the Federal army from its left by that river, it was possible to throw the mass of the Confederate army in a deadly direction upon a fraction of the army opposed to it. This answer is evident; it is complete. Without doubt the authorities at Washington were responsible for the fact that their army was too small to occupy the position which they had ordered it to assume. But, according to my views as to the powers and responsibilities of a general commanding in the field, McClellan can never be excused, under the shelter of Government orders, for placing his army in the false, and therefore the dangerous, position it was in when attacked on the Chickahominy. It was the gravest of errors, for which he had to pay in reputation, and his army in blood. Only by reënforcing his army to such an extent that the position on each bank of the river should be equal to the whole Confederate army, Jackson included, could his position astride the Chickahominy have been excusable, and even then the situation would not have been free from danger.

Most people will agree with the Comte de Paris that McClellan had a tendency greatly to exaggerate the numbers of the forces immediately opposed to him—a failing which led him frequently into a hesitating mode of action, which was of great advantage to his opponents. Just as at whist, if you know the play and temperament of your opponents, you may often score points which the mere routine play of the game would not give you, so it would seem that Lee and Jackson, who personally knew McClellan, each counted on this quality of his mind. Oddly enough, just as at whist, play of this kind may sometimes be punished, if the player against you is for once, for any reason, above his mark: so in the subsequent campaign Lee and Jackson

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found that they had reckoned without their host. But of this it will be convenient to speak more fully presently.

The retreat to the James was an extremely ably-conducted operation, carried out under great difficulties and, above all, in the presence of such opponents as Lee and Jackson. It ought not to have succeeded as it did: had the defeated army been pressed as it should have been, it must have been destroyed. For some reason or other, however, Jackson and his army did not show their usual quality in that pursuit; this seems to be generally admitted by those who fought in the campaign. Whether the reason suggested for this be the true one or not can never now be fully known. It is not possible now to deal fairly with the reputation of a great soldier who has left no records to explain his action or his difficulties. With the greatest respect for General Longstreet as a soldier, it must be admitted that there is at times a tone in his writing about both Lee and Jackson which grates on the ear. Any general who has commanded such numbers in the field as he has done, must know how often criticism is unjust to leaders, whose surrounding circumstances, whose motives and intentions we can never now have fully laid before us. Surely we ought to judge them by what they accomplished in those instances where we do fully know and understand all that took place. The excuse made for Jackson in one of these papers, that he was only at his best when he was acting entirely on his own responsibility, is neither satisfactory nor just to him. Not only did Lee always look upon him as his most effective agent, but the saying of Jackson about Lee, elswhere recorded—"That man is a phenomenon; I would follow him blindfold anywhere"—shows how perfect may be the subordination of one really able general to another, when it happens to be his duty for the time to play second fiddle. It is said to be just possible that at the epoch of the War marked by the seven-days' campaign Jackson had not yet learned to appreciate Lee's genius as fully as he did later; few will, however, attach much importance to this notion.

Next comes one of those periods when Jackson, under circumstances most trying to an energetic man, strictly adhered to his own principles. Despatched to the north to meet the forces which were gathering under Pope, he had, in consequence of the insufficiency of his force, to remain inactive from July 12 to August 9, 1862. These are just the times when every newspaper in a demo-

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cratically-governed country begins to cry out against the sloth and inactivity of a general. Nor will any previous reputation for zeal and activity save him from such charges. They were constantly and freely preferred against the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula during some of his most wise and necessary pauses in that long contest, and after some of his most brilliant victories had shown the world of what stuff he was made, and had shown England how entirely she could trust him. Jackson, however, was strictly adhering to his own principle, "Never fight against heavy odds, if by any possible manœuvring you can hurl your own force on only a part, and that the weakest part, of your enemy, and crush it." For the latter purpose it is often necessary to bide one's time, and to have patience in biding it, which is not always easy. In this instance the time was entirely independent of anything that Jackson could do. As Lee puts it, "The uncertainty that then surrounded the designs of McClellan rendered it inexpedient to reënforce him [Jackson] from the army of Richmond." Those are facts, however, which are seldom taken into full account in the ranks of an army, and very rarely indeed by sensational newspaper writers, who, during a war, discourse so learnedly on all that goes on. Had this time of waiting been longer than, fortunately for Jackson, it actually was, his "inactivity" would doubtless have been the subject of many a savage leading article. In these days of telegraphic daily reports, even three uneventful weeks—the time during which he actually remained quiescent—may suffice to damn the fairest military reputation.

However, on July 27, 1862, A. P. Hill's division was ordered to join Jackson. As soon as Hill joined him, mark with what rapidity he acted! On August 9 he caught Banks at Cedar Mountain, and once more showed how a small army may be superior at the point of contact to the fractions of a larger. His superiority was not great,—20,000 to 17,900, according to the best estimates,—but it was sufficient. His own reputation, the confidence of his troops, and their war-tried experience under him, were elements which added indefinitely to his fighting strength. The wide-sweeping move round Pope, which followed, depended for its success, first, on Jackson's faculty for carrying out a secret manœuvre, secondly, on the trained marching rapidity of his troops, and, lastly, on the fact, which had become apparent to the Confederate generals, that the Washington authorities had so tied Pope to a post that

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it was safe to march round him because he could not move. It is rather remarkable that, in General Pope's description of the campaign, he appears to treat the loss of the stores at Manassas Junction as a trifling matter. In the long run, no doubt, that loss may not have been very important to the well-supplied Northern armies; but there can be no question that both by its material and moral effects it enormously increased the demoralization of the Union army after the second defeat of Bull Run. Before that battle it exercised a most disastrous influence by shaking the confidence of men and officers in their commander, however much justification he may have for throwing the responsibility for it upon other shoulders. In a campaign men do not nicely argue out questions of abstract justice; it is the broad effects which tell on the spirit of an army. There can be no doubt that, in fighting the second Bull Run, the successful raid was worth several thousand men to the Confederates, from the encouragement it afforded them and the depression it produced among their opponents. When I was with General Lee's army at Winchester, in the autumn of 1862, the soldiers in every camp laughingly spoke of Pope as "Stonewall Jackson's Commissary," so entirely had Jackson in the "Pope Campaign" depended upon capturing from that General everything he required for his men.

To put in practice Jackson's principle of bringing a small army to bear upon the fractions of a large one, it is often necessary to employ a portion of that little army, in a strong position, for the purpose of delaying the movements of the remainder of the enemy's forces. Jackson practised this when he employed some of his troops in the passes of the mountains to hold Frémont in check, whilst with all the troops he could collect he moved to attack Banks. It is clear that this was also Lee's object at the battle of South Mountain. He sought to check the advance of the Federal Army whilst Jackson overwhelmed the garrison of Harper's Ferry. As far as I can follow the circumstances, it seems to me that, if Jackson was to secure the desired result, Lee was right in what he did. I cannot see how, if Lee had at once fallen back in the way suggested by General Longstreet, Franklin could have been prevented from relieving Harper's Ferry. On the other hand, from the evidence before me in these papers, it would appear that several things happened which neither Lee nor Jackson had anticipated. It is interesting to note what these events

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were and how they came about. General Walker quotes Jackson as saying, when he knew of McClellan's advance: "I thought I knew McClellan, but this movement of his puzzles me." Though a good deal of Walker's evidence has been disputed, I do not think that anything brought forward tends to shake this statement, which is very precise, and not one about which memory would be likely to mislead. This commentary of Jackson upon McClellan, before devising the plan of campaign at Frederick, and the remark made by Lee (also quoted)—namely, "Are you acquainted with General McClellan?"—prove that both Lee and Jackson planned their course of action upon what they believed to be a just estimate of McClellan's character and of his genius for caution. The demoralization of Pope's army was well known to the Confederate generals. It seems clear to me that Lee counted upon it, and upon McClellan's slowness, to enable him to take Harper's Ferry and, perhaps, to move beyond it before McClellan had reorganized his army. In this calculation Lee was mistaken.

All the descriptions we have of the reception of McClellan by his old army as he rode out to meet it returning beaten, disorganized, and demoralized from the second battle of Bull Run, agree in this —that the fact of his presence with it restored confidence to all ranks. I would ask those who have not been in the habit of considering the conditions which determine the power or weakness of an army in war to read these accounts of McClellan's reception by his army. Let them observe the reports made by all upon the state of the army as it retreated, or rather fled, to Washington; mark the impression produced on Mr. Lincoln and Stanton as to the utter powerlessness of the Union Army to stop the Confederates and to save Washington. Let them note the conviction in the minds of Lee and Jackson that this army was so shaken that it could not be in a state to fight for at least three weeks or more; and then let them turn to that summary, made in the last article, of the blunders, the ignorant self-confidence, and the folly of Mr. Stanton at the time when he appointed Pope to the command of the Army of Virginia. All those mistakes were now coming home to roost, with consequences fatal to the power of the army. The troops had no confidence in their leader, no confidence in themselves. Here, visibly, under the eyes of the man who had caused all this disaster, though probably even then he did not realize his own absolute and complete responsibility as to the cer-

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tain cause of it, the army was not going, but had gone, to pieces. He had imagined he could drive the horses of the Sun, and horses and he were being dashed to pieces. He had attempted a task for which he was absolutely incompetent. He seems to have imagined that mere self-assertion would carry him through; that the conduct of a campaign was the easiest and simplest thing imaginable, and that, if only he gave orders, the rest must go like clock-work. Suddenly the man who can drive the horses seizes the reins that have dropped from the other's incompetent hands. In a moment all is changed. Those who will be at the trouble to study the evidence for this story will see that it is no exaggeration.

Now, what must have been, what was, according to his own account, the effect of all this upon McClellan himself? The precise mistake which gentlemen like Mr. Stanton make lies in supposing that soldiers and armies are machines, instead of men living under certain special conditions—men whose ways and feelings and prejudices you must understand before you can command and lead them with advantage. But generals are as little machines as armies are. The Napoleon of 1796 and the Napoleon of Waterloo were two different men. So the cautious, rather cold-blooded, and indecisive, timid soldier whom Lee and Jackson had known at West Point, and had fought with in the Peninsula, was not the McClellan who felt himself to be the one man who had restored confidence to a beaten army. All at once he heard nothing around him but enthusiastic demands to be led forward to victory from the very men who, till he joined them, were only seeking safety in individual flight. No man could go through such an experience and not be affected by it. All the circumstances that had preceded this event tended to deepen its effect upon his mind. Failure in the Peninsula, for which he felt he was not to blame; snubbing from Halleck, who, whenever he appears on the scene, shows himself as the very incarnation of what Shakespeare meant by "the insolence of office"; the sound of the guns of his distant army, which he was not allowed to join, while he felt it was being led to certain defeat through the incompetency of its commander; his reception at Washington, where his warnings as to the condition of the Union Army were despised; then the ample fulfilment of his worst fears, and the sight of the abject panic of those who, until that moment, were full of overweening confidence; add to

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all this the attempt made even at the last moment to hamper him,—and it is not to be wondered at that, when he rode out to meet his army, he seems to have regarded the proceeding almost in the light of a revolutionary act which his duty to the Nation had rendered necessary.

All these things must have sent the blood coursing through his veins, bracing him for the supreme moment of triumph over his enemies in Washington which his enthusiastic reception by his old soldiers at length afforded him. Under such conditions, a man's nature for the time may well be changed. How could McClellan help feeling a renewed confidence in himself, when he and all the army, and all those whom he believed to be his personal enemies, were thus convinced of his power by the efficiency restored to the army the moment he appeared again as its leader? Under ordinary circumstances, his methodical disposition might—perhaps it may be said certainly would—have led him to spend those weeks in reorganization upon which Lee had counted. But in the position in which he then found himself, it must have seemed to him that, as the disorganization of the army was directly attributable to his absence from it, so his presence with it—hailed as it was by all ranks—was, of itself, sufficient to restore it to order and efficiency. He may well have thought, under these circumstances, that no weeks of repose were necessary to prepare it for battle, and may well have looked only for some good opportunity to test its fighting value, now that it had been again placed under his command. It must, indeed, have been a proud event of his life, for he felt that he alone of all men was able to restore heart and life to that beaten army as it streamed back towards Washington.

All he now wanted was that Lee should afford him the opportunity to show what that army, under the spell of his name, could accomplish. This General Lee was preparing to offer him, and a lucky accident suddenly placed in his hands the full detail of Lee's intended plan of operations. The paper containing it had been picked up by chance. From it he learns that Lee, trusting to the disorganization which he believed reigned in the Federal army, had ordered Jackson to take Harper's Ferry, whilst the main Confederate army had been broken up into several disunited fragments. The evidence is supplied in McClellan's own letter to the editors of the *Century*, as to the importance which

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he attached to this information (page 603). Within little more than an hour after McClellan had read that paper, orders for the advance of the Federal Army on South Mountain were given.

But such moments of exaltation as that then experienced by McClellan are apt to bring their reaction after them. In this instance the character of the man reasserts itself when he arrives before the slender Confederate screen then in occupation of South Mountain. As usual, he allows himself to estimate the forces opposed to him as vastly greater than they really are, and to act as if they were so. Still, the vast numerical superiority of the Northern army could not but assert itself over the Confederates, reduced, by the straggling of the numbers of bare-footed men in their ranks, to little more than 40,000 within the fighting area.

Lee had driven back the Army of the Potomac and that of Virginia to the point from which they had started in the spring and summer. He knew how demoralized those armies had become from repeated defeats, and he was fully aware of the scare which Pope's disasters had occasioned at Washington. Mr. Lincoln was known to be very nervous for the safety of that capital. Lee felt that if he could but still further increase this fear of losing Washington, he might so retain the Federal armies in its neighborhood as to free the northern districts of Virginia from all hostile occupation during the autumn. His object was to keep McClellan's forces far away from Richmond until winter had so destroyed the roads as to render all field operations near that city practically impossible.

Although a vast amount of valuable equipment and military stores had been taken by the "Army of Northern Virginia" from Pope, it was still a very badly-supplied army, and sadly in want of transport. Notwithstanding this fact, Lee thought his best plan to accomplish the end he had in view was to invade Maryland, where the Southern cause had thousands of sympathizers, and by that operation keep the war at a distance from Richmond. Lee had, however, it seems to me, underestimated the revivifying influence which McClellan exerted over the Federal armies when again placed in actual command of them; nor did Maryland afford him the assistance he had expected. He also miscalculated the time required for the capture of Harper's Ferry—a miscalculation which placed him in a position of real danger. An enterprising commander, not impressed as McClellan always was

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with the notion that his enemy was vastly stronger than he actually was, would then have pushed Lee very hard indeed. McClellan, with Lee's plan of campaign in his pocket and the large force at his disposal, was in the position where a really great general would have destroyed an adversary who had crossed the Potomac and distributed his troops as Lee's were on the 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th September, 1862.

The battles of South Mountain and Antietam proved to Lee that his army was not strong enough to carry out an aggressive campaign against the now united armies of the North. From the moment that McClellan had restored confidence to the Northern army, and, thanks to the captured despatch, had made up his mind to act, it was obviously Lee's policy to avoid fighting as much as possible and recross into Virginia. Antietam, though a battle unwittingly fought by him, was, however, unavoidable. It is necessary to estimate a general's purposes in judging what he has gained or lost by a battle. That the actual result on the battlefield was a Confederate victory seems to be little disputed. Lee had gained what he had hoped to secure by that battle, which was to make good his repassage of the Potomac. The Confederate army had won a battle, but had achieved no victory, whilst the Confederacy had failed in its intention to carry the war into the enemy's country. Colonel Kyd Douglas states the case very fairly when he says: "The prestige of the day was with Lee, but when, on the night of the 18th, he recrossed into Virginia, he left the prestige of the result with McClellan." (Page 629).

Lee's management of the battle against vastly superior forces was wonderfully successful. His retreat afterwards was as wise and necessary as it was admirably conducted. It is only for schoolboys that retreat under such circumstances can be said to take anything from the prestige of men like Lee. He was soon to show, against generals who, as McClellan put it, "acted before they were ready," how brilliantly he could deal with the opportunities victory gave him, as well as with circumstances which, as in this instance, made it necessary to prepare the way for retreat.

I must reserve for the next article all notice of the few papers on the events in the West which appear in this second volume. They are too closely connected with those which follow in the third volume to be dealt with separately.

WOLSELEY.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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THE GERMAN ARMY,

WITH PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS—1848 TO 1889.

BY KARL BLIND.

I.

THESE summer months form an ever-memorable anniversary in the tragic history of the German movement for freedom and union. Full forty years have now elapsed since a prolonged and most sanguinary struggle took place; regular army fighting against regular army in those days of turmoil. It was the struggle between the men who still stood true to the popular cause as represented by the rump of the National Parliament and by Democratic risings on the one hand, and the Royalist forces on the other, under the command of the Crown Prince of Prussia, the later Emperor-King William I.

Under the national and democratic banner were ranged the troops of the expelled Baden dynasty, who had gone over to the side of the Revolution, together with a number of militia and volunteer regiments. On the side of political reaction—counting the Prussian forces as well as those of the Executive at Frankfort—there was an overwhelming Royalist army, more than three times larger, composed of nearly 80,000 men. Yet it took several months, and a series of battles in the open field, before the popular cause was vanquished. The sequel of the princely victory was a court-martialling of prisoners of war, extending over several months, and a reign of terror which drove more men into exile than ever fled from Poland or France after an unsuccessful rising or a but too successful state-stroke.

I will not recount here the details of the upheaval of 1848–'49, which shook the thrones of the Fatherland. Only, to give an idea of the original depth and strength of the revolutionary current, it may be brought to recollection that one of the first acts of the National Assembly at Frankfort was to declare the "Sovereignty of the Nation," and that this was done under the initiative of its Speaker, Baron Heinrich von Gagern, otherwise a moderate Constitutionalist, a man of an old, aristocratic family. The whole of Germany, including our then federal provinces of

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Austria, was represented in that Assembly. The deputies of Schleswig-Holstein also had answered to the trumpet-call of the nation. In the previous Provisional Parliament, in April, 1848, Dr. Welcker, the aged champion of constitutional monarchy, had proposed a bill, in the name of the so-called Committee of Seven, of which Gagern was a member, which was not less significant. According to it, all Germany was to have :

(1) A Chief of the Confederacy, with responsible ministers.

(2) A Senate, composed of representatives of the various States of the Confederacy.

(3) A People's House, formed by direct elections.

There was to be one army for all Germany ; one diplomatic representation abroad ; one system of commerce, of navigation laws, of entrance duties, of coinage, measure, and weight, of postal and water conveyance and railways ; also unity in civil and criminal law and in judicial procedure; a Federal High Court of Justice and a National Bill of Rights. The remarkable thing in this proposition was the entire omission of the word "Monarchy." It was omitted from no lack of monarchical sentiments, but because, in the excited state of public opinion, it was thought prudent to refrain for a while from mentioning Princes. Ultra-reactionists therefore said the bill of these Moderates might as well have been applied to the establishment of a kingless Commonwealth.

On their part, the Republicans, officered by Friedrich Hecker and Gustav von Struve,—both of whom in later years fought as exiles in America on the side of the Union,—proposed at Frankfort the establishment of "United States of Germany." Their bill began with the abolition of standing armies and the creation of a national militia. The introduction of a progressive income-tax; the formation of a Ministry of Labor; the promotion of the coöperative principle, and similar measures were to benefit the working classes. The last paragraph ran thus: "Abolition of the hereditary-monarchical form of government, and substitution for it of freely-elected legislatures, at whose head freely-elected Presidents are placed—all united in a Federal Constitution, on the example of the North American States."

II.

"One army" was the cry of the monarchical Constitutionalists, but they did not define the nature of its composition. A

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national militia, on the Swiss model, was the demand of the Republicans. The Swiss system entails compulsory service upon all able-bodied men. In Germany universal liability for such service had until then—and the same remained the case for years afterwards—only existed in Prussia, where it had been decreed in 1814, after the first overthrow of Napoleon.

In the remainder of the German States, the Conscription was in existence. This institution is in England often confounded with the universal service (*allgemeine Wehrpflicht*) of all able-bodied men. Even English officers sometimes speak rather loosely in this sense. In truth, the two systems are very different. Under the one, the peer and the peasant, the burgher, the workman, and the scholar are all drafted into the army. Under the Conscription, lots had to be drawn as to who was to serve in a comparatively small, but numerically fixed, army establishment. Any one who had drawn an "unlucky number" could, if he had the pecuniary means, furnish a substitute willing to become a soldier in his place. So it was also in France up to a recent time.

Overbearing conduct of officers—mostly of aristocratic descent in the higher ranks—and harsh treatment of privates were, in the days preceding the German Revolution, but too often the characteristics of army life. In a time of long peace—unbroken from 1815 to '48—absurd pipe-clay and martinet customs had sprung up. For the mass of the privates there was thus often cause for complaint; but the inexperience of youth and the terrors of the military code rendered it almost impossible for any voice of remonstrance to make itself heard. In this respect, the Revolution brought with it a decided and lasting improvement.

There is another point which must not be forgotten. It is the pride which men are apt to feel when once dressed in the warrior's garb—the contempt they are easily led into against others who are not. This pride in a particular kind of dress often degenerates even—especially among troops got together by conscription or enlistment—into hostile jealousy and bloody conflict between men of the several branches of the army; aye, between differently-clad regiments belonging to the same division of arms.

Of all this I had curious personal experience before 1848. Some of us had for some years before felt strangely hopeful forebodings of coming great events. It was as if a ray of the rising New Era had touched the brow of the younger generation. As

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students at the University, we had worked with pen and speech, in public or in confidential conclave, establishing small but active political circles among artisans, citizens, younger men of the merchant class, and members of the Gymnastic Associations, in which the ideas of national freedom and union began strongly to pulsate. It struck me then that, in view of possible future conflicts, the most urgent necessity was to gain a footing within the army itself. It was with considerable difficulty that this was effected at Karlsruhe and in neighboring garrisons ; the worst difficulty being at first to make artillery consort with infantry or dragoons, or the latter between themselves. By degrees, though very slowly, we succeeded, nevertheless. Equally difficult it was, in the beginning, to make men of different classes and callings meet soldiers in some out-of-the-way place in the country where the police would not be engaged in spying. Still, when the Revolution came, the spirit which had thus been working for a time in secret soon manifested itself with quickly increasing strength.

III.

It is a significant fact that throughout Germany, in the early part of the national rising, the army was either compelled, after a sanguinary struggle, to withdraw, or was not available at all for upholding a system hated by the mass of the people. When Frederick William IV., in March, 1848, was virtually defeated in the streets of his capital, and the then Crown Prince driven to seek safety in England, the anger of the Court circles and of the aristocratic officers became indescribable at what they regarded as a dishonor for the army—namely, the King's order to the troops to leave Berlin. However, in the war against Denmark the Prussian army soon obtained an opportunity of gaining better laurels than it possibly could by the destruction of the nation's hopes for freedom and union. Only the King, later on, secretly counteracted the deliverance of Schleswig-Holstein, which had been achieved by military victories, and so those German populations were still kept under foreign dominion until 1863.

Meanwhile, the Army question had come up at Frankfort in the Provisional Parliament of April, 1848. Jakob Venedey, but recently returned from exile, yet holding very moderate views, made the only practical proposal which could have saved the national, cause. His counsel was, unfortunately, not heeded. He was in

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the habit of taking his cue from English parliamentary history, from the days of John Hampden; and he very reasonably suggested that, first and foremost, the German National Assembly should form a parliamentary army. His brother-Constitutionalists, being of the academic and professional persuasion, did not see their way to such an effective measure. So the princely armies remained as they were, and though afterwards, when Archduke John of Austria had been elected by the Assembly as Regent of the Empire, all German troops were nominally placed under the command of the executive which had issued from Parliament, the arrangement soon proved a broken reed.

This was first shown in the war against Denmark. The German troops had penetrated as far Jutland when, all at once, the order came from Berlin for a retreat. Frederick William IV. regarded the Schleswig-Holsteiners as "Republican rebels"! Under Russian and English influence, the armistice of Malmö was signed—an act branded by the German masses as downright treachery, and looked upon with disgust by the troops themselves. Yet, by a narrow majority, the National Assembly, from fear of a rupture with the Prussian Government, was brought to accede to this hateful armistice. Had there been a parliamentary army, things would have gone differently indeed. In the absence of such power, the fatal step was made; and immediately afterward barricades were raised at Frankfort and the streets ran with blood. In the turmoil of the strife, atrocities were committed on both sides at which Humanity veiled its face.

These events of September, 1848, had a tremendous echo all over Germany. A rising immediately followed in the Black Forest, under the banner of the German Commonwealth. So uncertain was the Baden Government of the spirit of its own soldiers that troops from Würtemberg, the two Hesses, and Prussia were drafted into the country. Again, as in April, 1848, our Republican rising was defeated; but the defeat bore in it the germ of a coming victory; for, eight months later, nearly the whole Baden army itself rose in defence of the threatened National Assembly, tearing the grand-ducal symbols from its helmets and gathering round the Democratic standard.

IV.

The misfortune during the German Revolution was that Frankfort, Berlin, and Vienna had each a parliamentary centre of

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its own: a National Assembly at Frankfort, a Constituent Assembly in the Prussian, a Reichstag in the Austrian, capital. The revolutionary forces were thus scattered, driven in contrary, often clashing, directions. A single Assembly and a single parliamentary army would have given safety, whether the issue had been a United Empire or a Commonwealth.

As it was, Vienna, after nearly a month's siege, was taken by the Imperialist army of Windischgrätz and Jellachich. A system of terror followed, under which Robert Blum and other friends of freedom were martyrized. The overthrow of Vienna emboldened the Court camarilla at Berlin to a state-stroke. Prussian troops, chafing under the remembrance of their retreat from Berlin in March, 1848, and nettled because their victories against Denmark had been rendered fruitless, allowed themselves to be made into tools of oppression. Reasonably speaking, they ought to have done the contrary. But soldiers, when feeling that their glory has been tarnished, are apt to act in a very inconsequential way.

Berlin being got under, the rising at Dresden, in May, 1849, when a provisional government was installed and the dynasty had to fly to the fortress of Königstein, was also suppressed by Prussian troops. Yet such had been the impetus of the popular spirit that men like Richard Wagner and Gottfried Semper, Germany's foremost architect, joined this revolution in Saxony, where formerly they had held Court and Government appointments. Then Rhenish Bavaria rose, and simultaneously, in the Grand-Duchy of Baden a complete military revolution was effected—the first and only instance of this kind in Europe, outside of Spain.

Enormous was the effect of this event. It would lead too far to describe the causes which led to the downfall of the promising movement, to unroll the picture of the battles fought in June and July, 1849, or of the court-martial fusillades which followed, lasting until the end of October. In the midst of the strife, the German Parliament, which had transported its seat to Stuttgart, was dispersed by force of arms. The reactionary victory was finished up by wholesale arrests to such an extent that all prisons and all disposable strong-rooms of the Grand-Duchy did not suffice to hold the captives, whilst the mass of refugees was so enormous that, twelve years afterwards, this part of Germany had not re-attained a population as large as it had possessed before 1849!

During these harrowing events it often came out that the

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hearts of the Prussian *Landwehr*—that is, of the older men who had experience of civil and political life—were far more open to sympathy with popular rights than the younger soldiers, particularly those from the more backward country districts. When quartered in the houses of burghers and peasants, *Landwehr* men not rarely gave proof of Liberal inclination. But when cannon roared and the sharpshooters lay in ambush, when the cavalry charge roused the blood of the combatants, such kindly feelings were of no avail. Then brethren in mind and aspirations had to kill each other, and the freedom of the Fatherland received deadly wounds.

V.

In the dreary years of oppression which followed this national tragedy, the spirit of the army, more especially of the Prussian officers, did certainly not improve. Too often the citizens had to complain of overbearing conduct, of high-handed lawlessness, leading to scenes of bloodshed in the streets and in public localities. Within the ranks of the army itself dissatisfaction was frequently rife, in consequence of harsh treatment. Still, a counter-agent always existed there in the fact of men of all classes—the wealthiest and most highly-educated, together with the poorest—serving in the same regiment. Where officers and non-commissioned officers have to deal with such a body of men, they generally feel bound to use a certain caution, lest any misconduct of theirs should be brought home to them, owing to the social connection of a number of soldiers.

The body of officers in Prussia was in those days even more largely composed of members of the old and new nobility than it is now. From the detailed official list of the present year, it appears that among the generals of the infantry and the cavalry there is still not a single man with a commoner's name. Among the lieutenant-generals there are only seven (that is, 8 per cent.) who bear no aristocratic title. Among the major-generals there are but thirty-three commoners; that is, 25 per cent. Among the colonels, there are ninety-nine such; that is, 37 per cent. The aristocratic or nobilized element thus prevails most exceedingly. But if we only go back to the three previous years, we find things even worse. In 1888 there were but 5 per cent. of commoners among the lieutenant-generals. In 1886 only 15 per cent. were

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non-aristocratic among the major-generals. In the same year the proportion of commoners among the colonels was but 28 per cent.

Among regiments of the Guard (Grenadiers, Riflemen, etc.), there are now a number without any officer of simple civic name. The same is the case with the great majority of the cavalry regiments of the Guard. Of late there has also been a renewed slight increase of aristocratic officers among lieutenant-colonels, majors, and officers of the staff. Still, upon the whole, there is a decided improvement in comparison with the former state of affairs.

The second war for the deliverance of Schleswig-Holstein fortunately brought out the nobler qualities of the German army. Prussians and Austrians fought, in 1863–'64, side by side, not heeding the danger of possible Russian, English, and French interference, and the victory was quickly assured. The heart of the mass of the nation was in the war. In fact, the Governments of Berlin and Vienna, who at first hung back, were forced into it by the general enthusiasm which threatened the reluctant Courts with a revolutionary rising. Of this serious condition of affairs I can speak with confidence, having at the time been in close connection with a number of prominent leaders and active German patriots both in Schleswig-Holstein and in Germany at large—at Berlin, Frankfort, Vienna, and elsewhere.

Then followed the "fratricidal war" of 1866. Its attained object was to establish Prussian leadership over a section of the German Confederacy; Austria being altogether ejected, whilst the smaller states of the South were left in an intermediate position. As a fratricidal war (*Bruderkrieg*) Prince Bismarck himself has repeatedly described it, in recent years, in the Reichstag. The extreme riskiness of the venture has also been acknowledged by him in most graphic terms, referring to his own personal safety in case of failure. On both sides German armies in 1866 displayed the greatest bravery—Austrians, Saxons, Bavarians, Würtembergers, Badeners, Hessians, Hanoverians, on the one hand; Prussians on the other. But Austria, having at the same time to fight in front, as well as in the rear against the Italians, whilst her regiments from still dissatisfied Hungary were but half reliable, could not make headway against the needle-guns of the solid and superior military organization of Prussia and the tactical genius of Moltke. So the allies of Austria from the smaller states were beaten in detail.

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Within a fortnight Prussia had mobilized 500,000 men. Far more behind in putting their forces in the field were Austria and other members of the German Confederacy. Years before, the Prussian Government, in open conflict with its own House of Commons, had insisted on a reorganization of the army, which the representatives of the people had cause to think would be made use of for crippling Constitutional liberties. The Prussian mobilization effected in 1859—when Napoleon III. made war on the Mincio with an eye to a future war on the Rhine—had impressed specialists of every political color with the necessity of army reform. At the same time there was much apprehension lest a King who so openly proclaimed his ideas of "right divine," and who had so fiercely fought against national freedom in 1848–'49, should wish to prepare for himself an instrument of absolutistic rule. Hence that Constitutional conflict in which the majority of the Prussian House of Deputies, pointing to "Strafford and Charles I.," rejected one Government proposal after the other.

It is a matter of notoriety how the Crown and its Minister took no heed of this parliamentary resistance. The proposed change from a two-years' to a three-years' service was forced through. Government effected its army reorganization in a lawless manner, levying taxes without the grant of a Budget. When the day for the assault upon the Confederacy came, the army reorganization thus forcibly wrought certainly stood the Crown in good stead. Still, here again the characteristic spectacle occurred of not a few regiments of the *Landwehr* showing a mutinous spirit. In many cases they at first refused to don their uniforms for what they regarded as a war among brethren. They had to be forced into compliance by regular troops of the line; the latter having in some instances to be called out to make the *Landwehr* enter the railway carriages which were to bring them to the seat of war. True, when they arrived there, they, too, fought splendidly, though with sore hearts.

It was fortunate that the war of 1866 was so quickly ended, or else France might have suddenly dashed in, and Germany once more have become the arena for contending foreign armies—as has been so often the case since the Thirty-Years' War, whenever Germans stood against Germans. It was so in that terrible strife of 1612–'48, which brought about a break, not quite healed even now, in the history and the culture of the Fatherland. Again,

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foreign armies, French and Russian, rushed in in the Seven-Years' War, when Frederick II. of Prussia laid the foundations of Prussian leadership in the North against the political connection of the German Empire under Kaisers of Habsburg origin. At the time of Napoleon I., when Prussia and Austria fell out among themselves, foreign dominion and extinction of national unity became complete until the great national revival in 1813.

In the war of 1866, the Prussian Government, before commencing operations, had actually to give a sort of pledge to France, by denuding the Rhine provinces of their proper fortress defence in the way of guns. In the midst of Prussian victories, Napoleon III. insisted on the notorious Paragraph V. being inserted in the Peace treaty of Prag, according to which the northern portion of Schleswig might be handed back to Denmark under certain conditions. This clause was received with much anger by the German nation—so much so that the Austrian Government, when again entering into relations of friendship with Prussia, released the latter from that particular treaty obligation.

It is sad to think that in France even men of the Republican party thought the time had come, in and after 1866, to exact from the Prussian King a territorial indemnification on account of the aggrandizement of his dominions. The German nation was to lose her western frontier, because it had engaged in an internal contest! The greatest living poet of France, he who had so long opposed "Napoleon the Little," Victor Hugo—whose ancestors were patriotic German Lorrainers—upheld this strange indemnification theory. More than once I had, in those years, an unhappy experience of aggressive military spirit among French Republican friends in exile; the exceptions to it being but too few.

No better proof can be given of the remarkable hopes formed by Frenchmen in consequence of the German fratricidal war of 1866 than a despatch written immediately afterwards by Napoleon's Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. de Lavalette. In it he declared that whenever France—at the time the German Bund was still in existence—should have a difficulty with Holland (on account of Luxemburg), or with Prussia on the Mosel, or with German states on the Rhine, or with Austria in the Tirol, the united armed forces of the Confederacy would come into the field. But since Austria had been ejected, and Germany at large divided into three parts, this danger, Lavalette said, had

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disappeared. The condition of affairs brought about by the war of 1866 he described as *les trois tronçons*. He imagined Germany would henceforth be nothing but "three mutilated stumps," with each of which France could deal separately, in order to annex Luxemburg, the Rhinelands, and even to get an entrance into Germany through the Tirolese mountain gorge.

VI.

These high-flown hopes were doomed to disappointment. Deep was certainly the estrangement between the North and South of Germany immediately after 1866. Napoleon fancied that, if some day he were to attack Prussia, he might make a rapid push into the smaller Southern states, gain them over to his banners, entice the Austrian army at the same time to advance against Prussia—aye, even reckon, in that contingency, upon the coöperation of Italy and Denmark. Agents of his in Germany kept on informing him that the bitterness of the feeling against Prussian aggression in 1866 was such in the South that, if war were to come, he might count on neutrality, even coöperation, there. The only military agent of France who saw things in clearer light was Colonel Stoffel, a man whose name shows him to be a descendant from the German race or of Alsace-Lorraine origin. His warnings, however, remained unheeded.

In the years between 1866 and 1870 nothing was left undone for perfecting military organization both in Prussia and in the smaller German states. The Governments of the latter—as came out afterwards—were secretly bound to Prussia by military conventions. When war broke out, an attempt was made by the ultramontane section of the Bavarian Chamber—fortified by some men of Liberal views whom the events of 1866 had hopelessly embittered and betrayed into unpatriotic conduct—to carry a resolution in favor of armed neutrality. This treacherous move was quickly put down by the national enthusiasm of the masses.

I had occasion, in that tremendous crisis, when trying to counteract the bad teaching of some who had formerly been our party friends, to observe the havoc wrought by the war of 1866 in the consciences of a group of once highly patriotic men. But these were solitary instances of deplorable infatuation. They were only to be taken note of, and firmly combated, in so far as the leanings of some of these groups might, in case of a first doubtful issue, have had an injurious effect on the great national cause.

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Meanwhile the grand and noble spirit of the nation carried everything before it. The southern Germans refused to make a "stab at the heart" of their brethren in the north, with whom but four years before they had had to cross swords. They would not do to Prussia as the Prussian Government formerly had done to them. Badeners, Würtembergers, Bavarians, Saxons, Hessians, Hanoverians, fought as stoutly as the Prussians themselves. The first important victories were in a large measure owing to the South German contingents under the Prussian Crown Prince.

Though the former Austrian section of the German army was no longer available, in consequence of the political exclusion of the southeastern part of the Fatherland from the remainder, the military triumph of the forces of two-thirds of the whilom Confederacy over the attempted French aggression was such as is unexampled in history. The lauded *mitrailleuse* was of no avail to the enemy. The Turcos, the Zouaves, went down like bogies. Before the iron firmness of an armed nation strong in the consciousness of right, and led by a strategist as bold as he is calm and far-seeing, one French host after the other was defeated, in spite of occasionally most stout or even heroic resistance. No such spectacle of utter defeat has been seen since men engaged in war.

In these struggles, not only the bravery, but also the regular orderliness, the good general information, and the resourceful intelligence of the average German soldier were much remarked. Whilst French officers were often in hopeless ignorance as to the geography of their own country, educated French people in whose houses German troops were quartered, were amazed at the evidence of instruction in the common soldier of that nationality, even if he did not come from the classes in which that might naturally be expected. The linguistic accomplishments of these "outer barbarians" was also something to marvel at; seeing that that branch of knowledge was until then so much neglected in France. To the French officer, his own Alsatian or Lorraine compatriot was, as a rule, the only medium for understanding German. In the German army, on the contrary, a great many men could converse with the French in their own tongue. Occasionally a puzzle arose in matters of language. One day, on the field of battle, apparently the diary of some German soldier was found, written in an alphabet no one in the French camp was able to read. The important document was sent to headquarters;

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but there, again, there was nobody to make out what it contained. The strange letters were held to be a secret cipher. The document itself was supposed to be the report of the inevitable "Prussian spy." So the paper was once more sent on—this time to Paris. At last it came out that a German soldier, who happened to be one of the seven or eight Sanskrit scholars who served during that campaign, had amused himself with writing a report of the previous engagement in the sacred ancient language of India. To think that a chance bullet should possibly make an end of the store of knowledge in such a brain is melancholy indeed. Yet these men also cheerfully did their patriotic duty.

VII.

A glance at the chapter entitled "Scientific Requirements for the Examination of Ensigns," in the *Deutsche Heer- und Wehrbuch*, gives a good idea of the high standard prescribed for those purposes in the German army. The number of one-year volunteers who, by passing an examination of no mean difficulty, are entitled to that short service in times of peace, is a considerable one. Hard as the universal service, no doubt, presses upon the mass of the nation, a single paragraph of the Army Rules shows what notions of honor are connected with it. In an army got together by enlistment, like the English, the privates, in some cases, have in former times been jail-birds or of otherwise tainted character, whilst the officers were gentlemen of high social standing. Matters have considerably improved of late years as regards the privates; but still such cases occur. Now, in the German army a man who has been sentenced to imprisonment in a house of correction for a common crime is excluded from military service. That is his privilege, but it is one which marks him as infamous.

"Every German is obliged to serve in the army, and cannot be represented by another in the exercise of that duty." This is the maxim laid down in the first chapter of the military organization. The only persons freed from that obligation are the members of the reigning princely families and of those once sovereign, but now mediatized, houses of the older German Empire, to whom this exception is guaranteed by treaty. It may, however, be said that at least a number even of those princely personages did not, in the late war, avail themselves of the exception. For all German citizens the liability to service lasts from the com-

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pleted seventeenth to the completed forty-second year. Of this time three years are to be spent in active service in the standing army. Four years the soldier remains in the Reserve. After that he passes for five years into the *Landwehr* and into the supplementary Reserve. This makes altogether twelve years. Subsequently he remains liable, in extreme cases, for the *Landsturm*, or last levy, which, as a rule, is not to be sent abroad, but only to be used for home defence, as garrisons of fortresses and so forth. In dress and arms no homogeneousness is prescribed for the *Landsturm;* but when led against the enemy, the men are to be made recognizable by certain military accoutrements.

By the new law, owing to the recent threatening aspect of the European situation in the East and the West, the standing army of Germany has been brought up to upwards of 500,000 men—or 550,000, if the men on leave, liable to immediate recall, are added. In case of war, this body can be brought up, by calling in the first Reserves, to upwards of 1,050,000 men. For operative purposes a further addition of upwards of 1,310,000 men may be made through the *Landwehr*. If the supplementary Reserve is put on its legs, this would give a further force of 1,465,000. Total, in round numbers, 3,800,000 men. But if the *Landsturm* also were called out, nearly 6,500,000 men would be under arms!

The prospect is a saddening one. At Germany's eastern flank, however, Russia professes to be able to raise an army of 10,000,000 men. On Germany's western flank, France may call out more than 4,000,000. Being between two Powers of historically aggressive character, Germany cannot disarm before the others do, though the heaviness of the armor presses on her most weightily. It is for her a question of national existence or extinction.

All the more desirable would it be that the French Republic —established through German victories—should devote itself to internal peaceful progress, so as to alleviate the menacing aspect of affairs, and to make it possible for the champions of international friendship to resist effectively the spread of mere militarism. Unfortunately, the Boulanger craze, against which but recently a firm stand has been made by Government and Parliament, has given little hope for such a consummation; and until this would-be revival of a demagogic Cæsarism is finally put down and really rooted out, Europe will continue, even in the midst of peace and of an Industrial Exhibition, darkly to resound with the threatening clangor of arms. KARL BLIND

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WILL REASON EXTERMINATE CHRISTIANITY?

BY PROFESSOR DAVID SWING.

CHRISTIANITY is now busy with the difficult task of transferring itself from one epoch to another. It is attempting to perform its spiritual functions two thousand years away from the persons, the languages, and the modes of thought amid which it was born. When the Hebrew Scriptures are added to the New Testament, the time-ocean that rolls between the ancient and present periods is made much wider. Abraham, Isaac, Jacob are very far off; while Adam and his immediate group are almost invisible. In clear, dry, cloudless regions, mountains seem near when a hundred miles from the eye; but those lofty figures of Genesis and Exodus are made all the more remote by the presence of a haziness in the air. Not only are those heights far off, but they are clouded.

Estimating the years of Christianity from the death of its sounder, the separation between the men of Galilee and the men of England and America is so great that the Lord's ark comes into these modern fields after having made an exceeding long journey. One may wonder that the sacred emblem ever moved into the sight of the multitudes now living, so little injured in its curtains and jewels, and so full still of the original presence of God. The religion of the East can out-travel her palm-trees and her aromatic shrubs. They are more abject slaves of climate and soil. Not always have two thousand years been able to produce great changes in the intellectual world. In India and China twenty centuries were once unable to place a hat or a shoe out of style. To a plough or a wine-vessel a thousand years were as a day. Clothes decayed or were worn out, but fifty generations did not suffice to render them unfashionable to even the most fastidious taste. But from all the Western nations that permanency of things began not long since to pass away, and mankind began to change not only its ploughs and the form and color of its garments, but all the contents of its mind and heart. New forms of thought came. New starting-points of argumentation were adopted; new

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ends proposed; new standards of measurement set up. So rapid was this change that reasoners who were in high fame in the fifteenth century were laughable logicians in the seventeenth.

Christianity is undergoing that shock which was made necessary by its passing over from the worlds of Abraham and the Apostles to the nations which now border the Atlantic. At the mention of the names Mediterranean, Caspian, Sea of Tiberias, Red Sea, Nile, and Jordan, the mind notes a change of landscape and seems to have made a journey into the past infinite. The Atlantic is modern; the Mediterranean ancient. It was among the islands of that eastern sea the little ships of Solomon sailed, bringing him gold and spices, a lot of peacocks, and a group of beautiful new wives. There Ulysses sailed around twenty years in search of his lost home and absent Penelope. There lived the Argive Helen, whose beauty created a war among nations, and made sea and land a battle-field upon which men wearing impenetrable armor and resistless spears involved the very gods in their contests. There all public men lived, doing and seeing wonders; there literature was a gorgeous picture-book; there art was a full partner of every Venus-born Æneas; there Scylla and Charybdis reached out many necks and opened many mouths with loud barking at the sailors passing in their shaky crafts.

To move from that sea to the Atlantic involves all that newness of feeling that would come from exchanging the galley of Telemachus for one of the steamships which now act their part in the waters between America and England. In one of the ships of Ulysses there were in reserve bags filled with wind, that was to be let out in case the sails should happen upon a dead calm. The means of propulsion now stored in the Atlantic boats are not only different, but they are confessed to be very much better. How modern, how practical, how new, how real is this great western flood! By as much as it surpasses the bays and coasts of Solomon and Achilles, by so much do the nations upon this Atlantic differ from all those which long ago went down to the sea in ships.

The problem of the Christian and of each religious and serious mind is how to make at home in this new epoch the child that has come from afar. All confess the high birth and genius of the exile, but all perceive that it has not the modern language, disposition, nor taste, nor are its old friends here—those loving friends whose affection asked few questions and whose minds saw God

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so easily that it was only the work of a holy hour to see also the Son of God, and of another hour of reverence to perceive that the Son of God was also the Son of Man. It is the problem of the present to transport to America and Europe a faith and a hope that were born in Judea; or, in wider terms, to fit to the millions now living a religion elaborately wrought out by minds so widely removed from the intellect and sentiment of this, the latest, period.

The simple phenomenon is that of philosophy *versus* Christianity. In the course of events in which even Cicero saw that men and thoughts underwent great transformations, Christianity has moved away from the causes which created, or modified, or embellished its greater and minor ideas, and has reached a new country, where the mind universal is deeply colored by the philosophic spirit. Here and there have come individuals whose minds were rationalistic, but they were so few that, like Socrates, they seemed only proofs of nature's fondness for an occasional eccentric movement. This is the first age in which rationalism became a universal form of inquiry and reflection. Reason became partially popularized in the days of Pascal, but the entire seventeenth century, after arguing all of each morning about reason and by means of reason, was wont to go to the church at night and say its prayers and fall asleep at the side of the mother whose word made doubts to be both rare and wicked. What is called philosophy never came into general empire until this century. With this period her sway came as a mild republic; it is not yet known whether the gentle republic is to become a heartless despotism.

Whoever will look back upon the phenomenon of thought as it reaches out over the historic area will soon note that the bulk of it lies there in the two forms of simple declaration and logical conclusion. Except in one or the other of these two forms the past has said but little. Of these two forms, declaration was the simpler, the easier, the more childlike. It came first.

The construction of the earliest literature ought to have been easy and rapid, because the only instrument needed for its production was an active mind. That activity needed not to wait for any slow accumulation of learning; it needed not to fear a mixed figure, nor study to harmonize its utterance with scientific research. If the active mind conceived of a dog Cerberus, whose mouths were three, and whose barking was thus made three times as disagreeable as that of any actually existing dog, that mind

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needed only to file a declaration which should contain a brief description of the quadruped, and from that day Cerberus became a part of perpetual literature. Thereafter Homer, Virgil, and all students and scholars down to John Milton respected the animal, and with great pride alluded to its ability to bark loud and incessantly. There has never been any desire in any land to lessen or increase the number or noisiness of the mouths, and yet all the world knows that the dog could as easily have been equipped with five or seven throats as with three. An open field lay before the inventor of this now classic creature.

As came Cerberus, came volume upon volume of the results of mental activity. Homer is a wonderful assemblage of declarations. Some man or men had been busy long before the Greek entered the creative field, for Homer found Hercules and his labors already in the world. No doubt Helen attracted lovers long before the "Iliad," just as Juliet hung over a balcony long before Shakespeare. Declarations innumerable, beautiful or grotesque, sublime or laughable, covered with tropical luxuriance the entire ancient world—Egyptian, Aryan, Greek, Hebrew, and Roman. The writers and orators of those lands and times seemed busy in a perpetual struggle after the honor of the most abundant and original utterance. This competition was peaceful and amiable. Each author respected the creations of his neighbor to such a degree that if a monster having one eye appeared in some poem that giant went onward with the single orb in his forehead. He became a fixed Cyclops, and soon seemed as actual as the horse or the elephant. When under Herodotus and Aristotle a small local effort was made to state the literal truth, the work of Herodotus became a Homer done in prose, while the fact that the elephant of Aristotle had no knee-joints, and could not lie down, justifies the suspicion that his natural history was also the product of mental activity.

An end would have come to this mental drift had Rome remained in power one or two centuries longer. The Latin race had made itself the heir of that final Greek thought which in the life of Demosthenes and Pericles resembled closely the thought of Burke and Pitt. The existence of such men as Cicero, Tacitus, and the two Plinies offers assurance that invention was giving place to the pursuit of fact; but before this new habit of thought could become fixed, luxury, vices, jealousy, and then assassination handed Rome over to chaos and the barbarians; and when

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literature came back, it was once more that of amazing declaration, with this difference—that the kind of exploits recorded in Hesiod and Homer had been bartered off for the exploits of a whole Europe full of childlike barbarians or wonder-working saints.

The religious principles of the Old and New Testaments came through that long creative period, and should be expected and cheerfully confessed to contain much of what may be called intellectual assertion. Some of the most firm friends of the idea of inspiration claim that this intervention of heaven accepted of what mental custom was dominant in each time and land, and overruled it so that a declarative mind made its creations point to religion instead of pointing toward amusement or love or war. If Helen was a poetic creation, so was Lot's wife; but the two members of old fashionable society pointed to different lines of conduct—the Greek woman reaching out toward war and passionate romance; the Hebrew woman running toward the worship and service of God, and sinking in death because she did not love a noble destiny, but looked back toward a worthless life. The mental operations in the Hebrew and pagan worlds being alike, the Hebrew world contained and still contains the glory of making its men and women all point to the Creator of the heavens and the earth. The Hebrew fictions all pointed toward God. This was in their inspiration.

Rich, varied, and interesting as was that old world of letters, it was unworthy to possess the recent centuries, and so it waits away from the present, not in pain nor under rebuke, but as though resting and sleeping in the mighty chambers of history. The age of logical conclusion has dawned, even if it has not fully come. The task of the church is to carry her religion over from the epoch of assertion to the new era of logical forms. Up as though against Christianity rises the form of Philosophy. War is the result, but it will not be a war of extermination; rather a war of adjustments, and of final compromise and final friendship.

Philosophic thought differs from ancient thought in this—that philosophy is thought reasoned out. Activity of mind is no longer virtue enough. Man must possess logical powers and processes and logical taste. It was not logical in Aristotle to state that the elephant had no knee-joints. It was expected that that scientific gentleman would find the animal and carefully look into the matter. It is the aim of philosophy to be truthful in the highest degree. It being impossible to gather

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up all the isolated facts in the whole world, philosophy must content itself with finding great general statements, just as the architect does not build dove-cotes, but only vast structures for the use of our statesmen or artists, or else temples for the worshipper. Over each sentence of this form of speech truth hovers either as an evident sunbeam or as the diffused light of the whole sky.

If a simple aphorism is selected such as that of some modern, "We admire the heroism of the patriot more than the ambition of the duellist," the causes of the preference, though unexpressed, are ready at one's call, and soon array themselves in all those words which express the greatness of a noble country, the human welfare that may be earned by a hero's death; and, contrasted with these words, the terms which might vainly attempt to tell the folly of the field on which the duellist slays or is slain.

By the popularity of the highest form of expression, namely, the rational form, the literature of romance and poetry is affected by the law of sympathy, and therefore the imagination of a Tennyson and a Bryant, and of their noble brothers around them, resembles no longer that of that old past, which dealt in the superhuman, in the monstrous and the grotesque; but it resembles the truths of reason, and in Byron's "Ocean" or "Thunder-storm" or "Battle of Waterloo," or in Gray's "Elegy," or Bryant's "Thanatopsis," an imagination of the highest order seems a sister of science, and heaps sweet or awful facts upon the heart. The imagination in "Thanatopsis" is as active as the same faculty in the "Arabian Nights"; only it is more reasonable, more sublime, more eloquent. In Mr. Lincoln's favorite poem, and in "The Closing Scene" of T. Buchanan Read, there is as much of the poetic spirit as in any pages of antiquity; but this fancy paints so near the world's truth that the heart weeps as though the verses were not poetry, but the history of its friends and of itself. Imagination is not a creator of falsehoods, but it is chiefly a most rare power of telling man the most beautiful and pathetic truths.

Into an age whose mind is so colored with reason that even its poetic imagery is all reasoned out like a page in ethics or high politics, Christianity is attempting to penetrate. Its conflict is not with science any more than with imagination and the prevalent logical taste. The passing years say that the inspired books were not selected with sufficient care, that they were gathered and enrolled by easy-going folk. The present also complains that inspira-

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tion has been believed in without ever having been defined; that miracles were performed without a reason that bore any fair proportion to the greatness of the miracle; that often the more insignificant the reason the grander the divine intervention; that the stopping of the sun was an event too great for Joshua, and the creation of a great special fish an event too large for the Jonah.

As the atmosphere, when it lies quiet over a warm sea, becomes laden with moisture, and then, when set into motion and rolled far away up the mountain side, is compelled to let fall tremendous showers of rain because unable in its new coolness and new rarity to carry its first load, thus our religion, while lying peacefully over the low and warm Orient, absorbed a strange burden which it cannot now carry over the heights—reason's mountains. It unloads that it may rise.

Whether anything of Christianity will remain is the important and painful question. No one can answer in an absolute term, for only egotism can become a prophet and enable the minds of the present to assume to be living in and comprehending far-off times. If all the past men were the localized slaves of their own century, what law of nature has been changed to empower the present to transport itself into the future field? If the sun did not stop for Joshua, is it to shine in advance for us?

All reason can do is to study the known. It can study the methods of itself, and may look even into the composition of itself. It may observe the passing phenomena. Men now perceive that Christian sermons, Christian literature, conversation, and a deep religious faith move along in their usual power all unconscious of any absence of that supernatural which was so abundant in all the thoughts of their fathers. The story of the evil spirits and the swine may fall away without seeming to harm the Christ. If the lives of two of the most pious and saint-like Christians are viewed in all the attractive details of character, it cannot be learned from those twin hearts which one believes that the Master ordered the spirits to enter the swine, and which one thinks that some wonder-loving disciple added that incident to Christ's life after he had gone from the world. If there can thus be a harmless elimination, the conclusion is unavoidable that the term Christianity was once too large to be a logical appellation, and that it needed or needs a reduction of contents in order to become true. That term once contained all of the Mosaic age, but

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recent thinkers so opened the strong box that the Mosaic treasures rolled out; it once contained Romanism, but the Protestants detached much of that quantity as being more than irrelevant; and now the term opens again, and one of the most dominant ideas of the Protestants—Calvinism—is dismissed from the feast as having no invitation, and as not wearing a wedding-garment.

A religion must have been poorly analyzed for centuries when from it can be taken without loss large parts of the Mosaic age, of Romanism, and of Protestantism, and a mass of nameless private interpretations. That much more can be eliminated from the current creed without affecting the religion of Jesus is probable.

Over the inquiry whether reason will annihilate Christianity, the student of these grave things must remember that this intellectual period does not confine itself to the task of elimination. Philosophy is not a respecter of persons. It alone can truly say with Virgil,—with names changed,—Christian and athiest "shall be treated by me without discrimination." That intellectual power which depletes the Testaments in some of their pages redoubles the radiance of other leaves, and perhaps gives more than it takes away. After having reduced the Christ to an historic character standing up in a wonderful simplicity and solitude, this most reasonable age then willingly surpasses all former times in comprehending and admiring and obeying the Son of Man. One of the most amazing and most sad of historic facts is the utter failure of the church to read aright or to imitate the character of its Master. This century is the first fully to perceive that Christ came in the name of only a spiritual empire; that his life and brotherly feeling revealed the deepest social and political truths; that peace, not war, is man's highest aim; that to live for others is greater than to live for self; that a benefactor is greater than a despot; that God is a Friend; that integrity is better than gold or genius; that the hope of immortality is an inspiration of the human mind. Reason has created an age to which Christ stands nearer than he stood to his own—a new age which rejoices that the man of Nazareth took up children in his arms, rejoices that he taught in love, that he lived as he taught, that he made the word "man" put on an eloquence which should grow in power in all these passing generations. The reason which has so reduced the bulk of Christian tenets has used its power to exalt all that is needful within the domain of religion.

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It would seem that the rational faculty of man is by its limitations, rendered incapable of destroying religion, and therefore incapable of destroying the Christian religion, because Christianity, although it draws its name from Christ, does not repose upon Galilee but upon God, with the Son of Man as its visible prophet, priest, and king. The definitions of this heavenly or earthly leader may undergo modifications many; but Jesus, in all the essentials of an unrivalled worshipper and guide, is as historic as Julius Cæsar or Cicero, and thus lies beyond the reach of any destroying hand. Inasmuch as Christianity passes through the personage who gave it name, and, beyond, is based upon the Creator, along with all modern deism, reason seems debarred from working out a final ruin of the Christian's special praise and hope. If Auguste Comte found in the "ever-unrolling web" of the human race, in its thrilling experiences and powers, an object and motive of his worship of humanity, reason cannot charge folly upon those minds which may worship that Power that is greater than humanity because from it humanity came. Comte may have felt that humanity alone were an adequate basis of a worship, but he was not compelled by reason thus to rear his altar, for the rational powers are not able to affirm that the universe containing such an amazing race of mortals may not contain a greater life—that of a God. Christianity rests upon this greater life; but it differs from deism in having a Christ-element added, and this element reason may discuss and examine, but cannot remove, because its relations to religion are not logical, but simply historic. Reason may alter principles, but it cannot change history.

When it is borne in mind that the second great tenet of Christianity—immortal life—may come from the power, will, and goodness of God, and not necessarily from any functions of physical nature, then that hope lies beyond any harm from common rationalism, and the future is left as open to religion as man's past has been. It would also seem reasonable to suppose that as the mind and soul grow greater as the seasons pass, deepening in sensibility and in reflection, and able to look with more of appreciation and even awe upon the life of man, so godlike and mysterious, so a second life will be longed for more pathetically, and sought for through the eloquence of public or private worship of him from whom life came. An enlarging civilization will, perhaps, enlarge, instead of lessening, its hope of a world to come.

DAVID SWING.

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THE SENSE OF HONOR IN AMERICANS.

BY PROFESSOR N. S. SHALER, OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

THE CENTENNIAL anniversary of our national political system has naturally led to much discussion concerning the moral tone of our existing political parties, as compared with those which controlled the government at the time of its foundation. It cannot be denied that there are elements of discouragement visible in the political conditions of to-day, which in a way warrant the criticisms of publicists. The greed of office is clearly greater, or, at least, is found in a larger proportion of the population, than it was a century ago. Our political parties appear to be more inspired by the desire for plunder than for principles. The political situation of our cities is legitimately a source of anxiety to many persons who are by no means pessimists. There are always in every community persons who despair of the Republic, and who contemn the actions of their own generation and find that all things tend to ruin. It is fit that these questioners of their own age should be heard; that from time to time those who take an optimistic view of the situation should soberly take account of the state of society and make what answer they can to those of melancholy mind. I propose, therefore, in the following pages to review some part of the evidence which may serve to show how far the political morals of this country have been affected by the first century of our national life.

In entering on an inquiry as to the comparative political morals of the two periods a century apart, we should, in the first place, note the fact that it is not safe to trust our conclusions to the evidence which is derived from any particular class of facts. We cannot, for instance, prove a general decadence of moral sense in politics by the present excessive greed of office, unless we can make sure that the conditions which led to that desire are substantially the same at the present time as formerly. It may be

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that there are peculiar reasons why the greed of office should be far more manifest at present than of old. Any inquiry which seeks to determine the relative condition of political morals in periods as remote as those we are now considering must take account of the general tone exhibited by the people, and not trust to mere incidents in political behavior. The question before us concerns the essential trustworthiness of the men in the two periods. We must ascertain how far a century of political training has served to develop the faithfulness of our citizens—that spirit of devotion to the public interests which causes men to put aside or sacrifice their individual greed to ideals of public duty.

It is by no means easy to find data which can be made to serve in a satisfactory way to determine the relative condition of political morals in widely-separated periods in the development of a state. Few of the features in public conduct lend themselves to statistical interpretation. One of the points of critical importance which I have been able to seize upon concerns the conduct of our soldiers during the Revolutionary period and in the time of the Civil War. The behavior of citizens under the stress of civil war clearly affords a better clew to their essential motives than is exhibited in any other conditions of life. In such periods of disturbance men are in a measure detached from their ordinary limitations of conduct. They are, in a way, free to show the nature of their impulses without reference to the principles which guide them in the ordinary well-regulated conditions of society. If a people are by nature brutal, this quality may in peaceful civil conditions be entirely concealed, and yet appear with startling clearness in civil commotion. Thus in the case of the French, in the usual course of that well-regulated country no one would suspect the brutal motive which has never failed to manifest itself in the revolutionary periods. Just as the innate motives of men appear when they are affected by wine, so, when they are drunk with revolutionary excitement, we get an insight into the qualities of their nature which may be altogether hidden at other periods.

Taking for our problem the state of the public mind as regards the trust of political affairs, let us compare the behavior of our Revolutionary officers with that of the men engaged in the two factions of our Civil War. I shall be compelled in the main to limit the discussion to the superior officers engaged on either side

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in these great American conflicts, for the reason that we have no means for adequately comparing the conduct of the common soldiers of either period. In the Revolutionary army we readily note the frequent existence of bad faith among the leading officers. The treason of Arnold, the treacherous motives of Charles Lee, the intriguing humor of Gates and his cabal, the endless self-seeking and half-hearted treachery of many other men, not only cloud the memories of those days, but doubtless did much to degrade the motives and imperil the issue of that contest. It must not be supposed that the men of that time in this country were less trustworthy than those of their day in other lands. They were the fair successors of such soldiers as John Churchill led—men who frequently looked upon public trust as a step to private gain. It was the humor of that time which we find in Arnold and the other self-seekers of our Revolutionary period. These men fought, as they well knew, with halters about their necks and with the certainty of ruin awaiting them if their cause was lost; and yet we find a great number of them anything but trustworthy. If the reader would secure a clear sense of the conditions of public trust in this period, he should read the memoirs of General James Wilkinson, which present a picture that stands in sharp and painful contrast to any which can be painted of our newer day.

As regards the measure of trustworthiness of the leading soldiers of our country, the records of the Civil War are in singular contrast with those of the Revolution. All the circumstances of our second civil war tended strongly to increase the element of untrustworthiness in the conduct of the leading men. The difficulty between the two sections was of an extremely obscure nature. In other civil wars the matter in debate has concerned the successions of a kingly house, questions of religious faith, innovations of ancient privileges, or other things which directly appeal to the personal interests of the contestants. Our Civil War involved much more complicated considerations. In large part the matter concerned the interests of the slave-holding class, but the immediate causes of the conflict rest on obscure theories of government, on the ideals of the commonwealth, which never before have to such a measure entered into a civil contest. It is a well-known fact that a large part of the contestants were in a divided state of mind. They acknowledged an allegiance to the Federal Government, against which they had to set the ties of

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the several commonwealths in which they dwelt. I know by my personal experience how difficult it was to determine the measure of these diverse allegiances. It is clear that it cost the greater part of those who were by birth Southern a sore trial to determine with which duty they should cast in their lot. So, too, with at least the large part of the border settlements who cast in their lot with the union. In spirit they were with both causes. Their social, and in part their political, training inclined them to serve with the South. Their better judgment as to political duty led them towards the Federal arms. We thus see that the situation was one calculated to make men undecided as to their course of action. In another country and at another time the result would have been to breed up a host of free-lances, who would have fought first with one side, then with the other, as their changing moods were led to and fro by the varying chances of the long conflict.

The surprising part of our Civil War—perhaps the most surprising feature in that marvellous contest—was that from the beginning to the end there is no case in which an officer of any grade is known to have gone over to the enemy. Desertions of private soldiers from one side to the other were relatively rare. There were occasional cases in which men forced into the army on either side took the first chance which offered to range themselves in the army to which their principles attracted them. I have been unable to find a case in which such action was ever taken by any military unit—a company, regiment, or larger corps. Although, under the sting of defeat, a number of our officers of the Federal Army were accused of half-heartedness or treachery, the sober verdict of history has always been in their favor. It was the most satisfactory feature of our Civil War that in the worst mischances of lost battles and unsuccessful campaigns the men never lost their confidence in the moral integrity of their chiefs. Although in the curious freedom of speech which characterized our armies the men frequently condemned their leaders as fools, they never seemed to question the trustworthiness of their motives. I had an opportunity to mingle more or less with soldiers who had suffered a succession of overwhelming defeats, and to hear their camp-fire talk concerning the conditions which led to the disasters they had been compelled to endure. I have heard many expressions of indignation directed against the stupidity of their leaders, but never a sugges-

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tion that they were traitors. Most commonly, even in the very extremity of disaster, the tone of criticism was characteristically jocose. The men, as is the good American fashion, took their vengeance in fun. I have heard of the case of a Confederate soldier just captured through the rash conduct of his regimental commander, who, though weeping at the mischance which had befallen him, managed to help himself to a better frame of mind by a characteristic *mot*. He remarked that "that 'ere colonel of ourn was that venturesome, he would walk across hell on a rotten rail for ten cents."

When the Confederate armies were finally broken and scattered, the separate detachments showed an indisposition to disband without the orders of their broken government. A friend of mine, who was personally engaged in the affair, has recounted to me the last stages of one of the cavalry bodies which had become separated from the Confederate authorities and had been summoned by a superior force of the Federal Army to surrender. The men had been for some time without contact with their government, and were one and all debating what it was their duty under the circumstances to do. Their answer to the summons of the Federal force was that they were then debating what course they should take—whether to try the issue of a last battle or agree to disband. For some days these two amiable enemies moved on together, camping at night within sight of each other's fires, the Federal commander preferring to await the result of the debate rather than to force the end with unnecessary bloodshed. Finally, after much discussion in the manner of a town-meeting, the conclusion was reached that it was right for them to make terms with the Federal force.

It is a well-known fact that the Confederate soldiers with singular unanimity obeyed the conditions of their surrender in the manner of good citizens. With rare exceptions they went straightway to their homes and set about the task of rehabilitating their States. The return of these warriors to the allegiance to civil government is one of the best possible evidences of the fitness of our population for the maintenance of political trusts. When we compare the social condition of the South in the years following the close of the War with that of other countries which have been the seat of protracted rebellion, we cannot but be satisfied with the civic tone of our American population.

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Although the success of the Federal arms did much, of itself, to return our Northern soldiers to the state of ordinary citizens, the quiet and perfect reassumption of citizenly duty on the part of the million men who composed the Federal Army at the time when out troops were disbanded is also excellent evidence as to the tone of our people. It might have been expected that men for years released from the ordinary motives of the state would be given to marauding, and that they would form a dangerous class in the community. It remains one of the most striking spectacles in modern history that this vast body of people, so long exempt from the ordinary conditions of the state, should have immediately and quietly returned to their ordinary vocations.

Although the records of our Civil War afford, on the whole, the most conspicuous instance concerning the effect of our political training on the moral status of our population, less striking, but almost equally convincing, evidence may be found in many other departments of our public life. The instances whence we may draw such illustrations are so numerous that it is difficult to choose from them a few which may be here cited. I venture, however, to call the reader's attention to the history of our American judiciary. It is a well-known fact that in the greater part of this country, under the influence of democratic traditions, the old English method, by which judges were appointed by the chief executives of the commonwealths, has been replaced by a system in which the judiciary is immediately elected by the people. Although this elective system has, in the opinion of most judicious observers, been unfortunate in that it has led to a lowering of the grade of intelligence and legal training in the occupants of the bench, it seems clear that, save in the case of a few members of the judiciary, the system has led to no degradation in the moral quality of our legal procedure. I have had much personal acquaintance with the elective judges of one of our American commonwealths, and have made inquiries concerning the reputation of the judiciary in many other of our States. So far as I have been able to learn, they are men not only unsuspected, but, on the whole, above suspicion.

An excellent test as to the quality of these extemporized judges was afforded in the border States during the Civil War and the troubled period of reconstruction following the close of that conflict. Taken from the people, chosen by political parties,

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these men were, naturally, in all cases committed to one or the other of the embittered factions. The European observer would have despaired of any even-handed justice from such men in such a period. The fact is clear that the courts of the border States during the period of the Rebellion appear to have been entirely trustworthy. I know that this was the case with the judiciary system of Kentucky during that trying time. Some years ago, after I had written for the "Commonwealth Series" a brief history of that State, it occurred to me that during and immediately after the Civil War I had been concerned in certain cases in the courts of Kentucky. Although the officers of the law were generally of the opposite political party from my own, it never crossed my mind that there was a risk of injustice from this circumstance. I made inquiries of many friends as to their own state of mind concerning the judicial system of the commonwealth during the same period, and to my surprise I found that it appeared to have occurred to no one that the courts could have been biassed by political prejudices. We must assuredly respect the trust-bearing capacities of a people when through civil war it did not occur to the citizens that political prejudices would interfere with judicial impartiality. I am sure that in no country in Europe—certainly in no Continental state, and probably not even in England—could we have had such a satisfactory state of the judicial body under similar circumstances of trial.

It seems to me that the test of an elective judiciary is at once the surest and most satisfactory trial which has been made as to the trustworthiness of our public morals. The men who fill these offices are not generally the foremost members of the bar. They are often rather cheap persons who have acquired popularity by the arts of demagogues, and yet when elected to such places of trust they seem almost invariably to rise to the sense of duty which the position demands. I do not wish to be understood as defending the system of an elective judiciary. I believe that this method of choosing judges is one of the greatest blunders of our political system. I cannot, however, refrain from expressing my admiration for the way in which these men have put aside partisanship upon their elevation to the bench. I feel, moreover, that we are entitled to set the evidence which is afforded by the conduct of these men against many unsupported assertions concerning our political degradation.

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In estimating the trust-bearing capacities of our people, we have to take account of that form of social trust which has developed through the vast extension of corporate business in this country. Some critics of our society are disposed to dwell on the occasional failures of cashiers and other persons to whom moneys are confided, and to judge from these cases as to the fidelity of our people. It is difficult to make any comparison between the trustworthiness in business of our commercial men in times and conditions as far apart as the Revolutionary period and the present day. The most important, if not the most conspicuous, change in the state of our social affairs, consists in the very wide extension of the corporate system in the management of business enterprises. At the time of the Revolution corporations were rare, and only a very small share of the commercial transactions were effected by such societies. At the present time by far the larger part of the trade in this country is accomplished in the corporate way. Nearly the whole of the transportation of the country is in the hands of commercial companies, and doubtless the larger part of the manufacturing is conducted in a similar manner. The result has been the creation of a vast body of officials who are administering public trusts. Corporations owe their existence in the main to two motives: in the first place, the corporators diminish the private risk arising from their ventures; in the second place, the corporate system diminishes the interruption which arises from the death of individual proprietors. These advantages, together with those arising from the amassing of capital in large bodies and the financial strength which is thereby obtained, have led in all civilized countries, within this century, to a vast increase in this business system.

It is recognized that the gravest defect arising from the corporate system comes from the fact that the care-takers, particularly those who have money in their keeping, are usually subject to less rigid inspection and are held to a less strict account than the clerks and cashiers of private business concerns. It is not in human nature that the treasurer of a great mill or railway should feel the same sense of duty toward his trust as he would if he were doing business for a private owner. The sympathetic bond which serves to maintain the man's allegiance to the individual master does not exist in the corporate relation; it is, therefore, not fairly a matter of surprise that among the hundred thousand

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or more treasurers of corporations in this country there should occasionally be found a man who betrays his trust. The surprise is, rather, that from this great army of trust-bearers the desertions are so extremely rare.

In comparing the trustworthiness of our public men of the present time and of a century ago, we must bear in mind the fact that in the present day breaches of trust on the part of persons in distinguished positions are much more generally brought to public attention than they were of old. The ancient principle embodied in the phrase that the king can do no wrong was of old extended in a certain measure to all officials of distinguished position. A conspicuous instance of this fact—one which should go far to qualify our criticism on the statesmen of to-day—has recently been forced upon my attention. In looking over the history of Harvard College, I came upon the little-known and very curious records concerning the relation of the college to its sometime treasurer, John Hancock. This patriot was, in the time when the colonies revolted from Great Britain, the treasurer of Harvard College. His office placed in his hands the whole of the funds of the institution. The record seems to show that Hancock for a time appropriated to his own use the money of the college which was intrusted to his keeping. In any collegiate institution in New England at the present day such a malfeasance would lead to the immediate prosecution of the offender, who would be compelled to make restitution, or suffer for his conduct. No such fate awaited Hancock. In place of prosecution, the corporation, doubtless knowing what was best for the interests they had in hand, pleaded with him with piteous insistence for nearly twenty years, during which he paid little or no attention to their communications. He went about his affairs, occupying many distinguished offices, holding for a term the place of Governor of the Commonwealth, and finally, in a somewhat contemptuous way, after the college had been for two decades in distress for the money he had withheld from its treasury, he settled his accounts.

I do not mean to suggest that such unworthy conduct was common among the men of the Revolutionary period; but it seems to me that this case shows plainly how easy it was for the men of that time who held distinguished positions to escape from the swift and destructive criticism which now overtakes the trust-breaker in any social position whatsoever.

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There can be no doubt that there are very serious evils in our political system which were unknown to our Revolutionary forefathers. Some of these evils—as, for instance, the flagrant abuse of public office for partisan purposes—are the shame of our time. The conditions which have operated to fix this evil in our administrative work do not seem to me, however, to be due to any diminution in the measure of fidelity to trust among our people. On the contrary, it appears to me that a fair survey of our political life serves to indicate that the trust-maintaining power of our people has gained in the first century of our development. This gain has been made despite the vast increase of the inhuman relations which have arisen in business affairs through the extension of the corporate work. It seems to me also that the element of trustworthiness in the work of the soldier, as well as of the citizen, shows no loss. I think that an examination of the facts would indicate a similar gain in the more purely political parts of our public life, and that in the field of legislation, as well as in the executive work of the country, no debasement has taken place in the first century of our experience with republican institutions.

N. S. SHALER.

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GREAT BRITAIN AND THE CONFEDERACY.

BY HENRY CLEWS.

In a recently published book of mine, "Twenty-Eight Years in Wall Street," occurs the following passage:

"There was a secret alliance formed between Napoleon and the British Cabinet—an international conspiracy on a large scale—to demolish the liberties of this country, pounce upon the wreck, and then share the spoils between these two powerful pirates. How this was planned and subsequently averted would form, if fully written up, one of the most interesting chapters in the voluminous library of statecraft, and would take most of the political sensation out of the best efforts of Machiavelli, Talleyrand, and Prince Metternich. I can only glance at the leading features of the diabolical scheme, and show how Wall Street men were again promptly in the breach at the proper moment."

To this the Hon. William E. Gladstone takes exception in a letter to me, in which he says:

"Having expressed my interest in the portions of your work which I read on the day of its arrival, I think it would be less than ingenuous if I did not, after reading what relates to the Cabinet of Lord Palmerston, on page 56 and in the following chapter, make some reference to it.

"Allow me to assure you that, so far as that Cabinet is concerned, you have been entirely misled in regard to matters of fact. As a member of it, and now nearly its sole surviving member, I can state that it never at any time dealt with the subject of recognizing the Southern States in your great Civil War, excepting when it learned the proposition of the Emperor Napoleon III. and declined to entertain that proposition, without qualification, hesitation, delay, or dissent.

"In the debate which took place on Mr. Roebuck's proposal for the negotiation, Lord Russell took no part, and could take none, as he was a member of the House of Lords. I spoke for the Cabinet.

"You will, I am sure, be glad to learn that there is no foundation for a charge which, had it been true, might have aided in keeping alive angry sentiments happily gone by."

While it is true, as Mr. Gladstone states, that the British Cabinet repudiated the proposition of Napoleon III. for recognition of the Southern States, it was in its corporate and official capacity that it did so, and for diplomatic purposes. The three great leaders of the Cabinet at that time were Palmerston, Gladstone, and Bright, the last-named being the only one who had any faith in the ultimate triumph of the Union arms and the abolition of slavery by reason of the war. Mr. Bright also deeply regretted the bloodshed, as he did in all cases of war, but he believed in the

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Union. Mr. Gladstone was a Southern sympathizer, and the touching reference which he made during the Roebuck debate to those "heroic people struggling for independence" would have done honor to his favorite Homer. While that debate was in progress in the early days of July, 1863, and while the London *Times*, the organ of the British Government, was exulting over the successful invasion of Pennsylvania by Lee's troops, the tide of battle had been already turned at Gettysburg, and the flower of Southern chivalry were in rapid retreat towards Richmond. The *Times* of the 8th, a few days after the battle, wrote editorially: "It is to be hoped that General Lee will at least make this invasion sufficiently effective to disgust the Northern people with the war, and to shame their leaders out of their boasting and conceit." Mr. Gladstone seemed to have clearer foresight of events at this time than the editor of the organ of the Government, for he counselled suspension of both judgment and action until the momentous crisis which he foresaw should have been passed.

The result, however, was very different from what he expected, for he was a believer, in common with the majority of Englishmen, in the eventual success of the South. Yet towards the end of the debate he appeared to have some misgivings as to the outcome of the war. He was averse to intervention chiefly because the French and English would both be suspected of interested motives by the other Powers and denounced by public opinion generally, and he would, perhaps, have advised England to take part as a prominent peacemaker, if all or most of the other Powers of Europe had joined in the same laudable object. Napoleon and England would naturally be regarded with suspicion owing to their respective footholds in North America, the one in Canada and the other in Mexico. Mr. Gladstone, like the ancient war-horse, appeared to scent the battle (of Gettysburg) from afar, and probably had a prophetic foreboding of the success of the Union arms, although it was hard for him to breast the tide of popular opinion directly. He did it, however, indirectly, and not the less effectively, by pleading diplomatic prudence and expediency. The strong points which Mr. Gladstone made on these grounds had their full effect upon Parliament when indorsed by Mr. Bright, who spoke afterwards and reminded the House that "the government of the United States had been contending for its life and for human

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freedom," and pointed out the consequences of intervention in the following eloquent terms :

> "I see the most instructed people and the most wealthy—if you take the distribution of wealth among the whole people—will have left in their hearts a wound which probably a century may not heal, and the posterity of some of those who now hear my voice may look back with amazement, and I will say with lamentation, at the course which was taken by the honorable and learned gentleman [Mr. Roebuck] and by such honorable members as may choose to follow his leading.'

Bright further denounced Roebuck and Lindsay as "co-conspirators with the Emperor" to drag England into a course or policy which would be as hostile to her interests as it would be degrading to her honor. These well-timed denunciations from Gladstone and Bright, backed up by similar, though hardly so strong, language from Palmerston, had the effect of keeping England from committing a diplomatic blunder worse than any in her history, even exceeding that which fomented the Crimean War. The event illustrates the marvellous power of a few leading minds, with right and logic on their side, against a host with nothing but low and grovelling selfish purposes. Relief from the cotton famine and the glittering prospects of free trade were the strong and alluring motives which prompted the majority in Parliament to take sides with the South. The starving condition of the operatives of Lancashire appealed far more strongly to the feelings of every Englishman than any patriotic idea to avenge Bunker Hill. But these motives, though appealing powerfully to the animal part of the British nature, were ignored by the three highly enlightened statesmen just referred to and a few of their followers. The Cabinet was not by any means unanimous, except through severe party discipline, but rather, I should judge, the other way, and the most difficult part of the arduous task which devolved upon the three astute diplomats in question was to prevent the consideration of the subject by Parliament (in which event the result was already a foregone conclusion), and obtain permission from that eminent body to leave the matter to the Government.

It was here that Mr. Gladstone's fine points as an able tactician, as well as a persuasive orator, were displayed in bold belief, like those of one of his great classic heroes, namely, the Pylian sage Nestor, although Roebuck was not sufficiently strong to bear comparison with Achilles, whose passion and "youthful heat" Nestor

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endeavored to calm. Yet, in spite of the fact that Roebuck, Lindsay & Co. had a majority in Parliament, and at that moment, in all probability, a majority in the Cabinet as well, this Nestor of the English Parliament, with the aid of half a dozen trusted colleagues, out of a Cabinet of fifteen, was so successful in calming the passions of these English champions of the "Lost Cause" that Roebuck was prevailed upon to withdraw his motion for intervention, which, if carried, would, no doubt, have embroiled the nation in war with the United States (the North); war being the inevitable result, as was argued by Mr. Gladstone, in all historical and diplomatic parallel cases.

Looking at the question in the light of these facts and others elicited in the debate on intervention, I think it is safe to state that probably the majority of the Cabinet, and certainly the large majority in Parliament, were morally responsible for imparting aid and comfort to the South, and thus prolonging the struggle and the effusion of blood which they seemed so anxious to stop, although, through the able and praiseworthy tactics of its leaders, the Cabinet narrowly escaped technical and official responsibility. And if the event of a successful invasion, even temporarily successful,—according to the most anxious wishes of the London *Times*,—had been realized, it would have been impossible, I believe, for the chief of those leaders to stem any longer the tide of British opinion through Parliament for intervention, any more than Nestor himself was able to restrain Thetis's godlike son from threats of violence towards the "king of men." So I agree with Mr. Gladstone that I was not technically justified in using the words "British Cabinet," and that the word "Parliament" would have been less objectionable; but I am still of the opinion that close investigation of the diplomatic relations between the Emperor of the French and certain members of Parliament will show that I was correct in the "spirit," if not in the "letter," in my remarks on the subject of British intervention. I am highly gratified, however, to acknowledge Mr. Gladstone's correction in the kindly spirit in which it has been offered, and especially in the conciliatory tone which it breathes towards the United States.

It would seem from this expression of the eminent statesman, as well as from a great deal that he has said in his famous essay, "Kin Beyond Sea," about our great country, that he has materially modified his opinions regarding the meritorious nature

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of the great struggle to preserve the Union. He said, in concluding his great speech against intervention:

> "It is not from any belief that this war is waged for any adequate or worthy object on the part of the North that I would venture to deprecate in the strongest terms the adoption of the motion of the honorable gentleman [Mr. Roebuck], but don't let us run the risk of making worse that which is already sufficiently horrible, and adding to the deadly feud other feuds and other quarrels which carry still wider desolation over the face of the earth."

Mr. Gladstone had evidently here in his mind the probability of a European war in case of interference on the part of England and France, and this was one of the great restraining motives which he placed strongly, rather by inference than in plain terms, before the minds of the interventionists in Parliament. His closing remarks show that he was influenced by the very broadest principles of statesmanship, as well as the most tender sympathies with suffering humanity, and that in spite of the feelings and interests of almost the entire adult population of England, he was capable of rising to the very highest plane of thought in international politics, laying aside all prejudices, and adhering to the rule which he laid down at the beginning of his speech, to regard the question simply as a "judge on the bench or the juryman in the box" would do. But his indomitable efforts throughout only go to show the great forces with which he had to contend, and that there were men deep in the councils of the Cabinet plotting to undo his work and conspiring with the Autocrat of France to destroy our great Republic. The admissions of Lord Cowley to Mr. Lindsay are, I think, quite pertinent to this view of the subject. He said, while he was the representative of the British Government at Paris:

"I don't think my Government is prepared to act at present. The proper moment for action has passed, and further developments must be awaited."

Now, making all due allowance for the evasive character of diplomatic conversation, this clearly implies that some responsible party connected with the British Cabinet had been entertaining the subject of Southern recognition, for it cannot be supposed that Lord Cowley was either a fool or guilty of palpable deception when he talked to a member of Parliament on a subject then of the most vital interest to England and probably to the peace of Europe.

With reference to Mr. Gladstone's statement that Lord Rus-

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sell took no part in the debate on Mr. Roebuck's proposal for the recognition of the South, it may be stated that Lord Russell was the Secretary of Foreign Affairs and had much to do indirectly with the debate, and was, of course, considerably involved in the councils of the Cabinet. It will be seen by reference to Hansard's reports that the Foreign Office was gravely suspected of evasion, by Mr. Roebuck and his followers, in the matter of concealing a communication from the Emperor on the subject of recognition, and Lord Russell in a speech in the House of Lords warmly resented the imputation, and quoted Baron Gros, the French Ambassador, to prove that no official communication had passed from the Emperor through him. The Foreign Office was carefully searched, but no discovery of any note from his Majesty (inadvertently pigeon-holed) could be found. The Emperor charged Lord Russell with breaking diplomatic faith with him on a former occasion, in permitting Lord Lyons, at Washington, to show to Mr. Seward a privileged communication expressing His Majesty's views on recognition. It appears, however, that the Emperor had made some kind of promise to Mr. Roebuck to send an official note to the Government as soon as Parliament should "sound Lord Palmerston" on Southern affairs. The inference would, therefore, appear that the member for Sheffield was under the impression, perhaps delusively, that Palmerston was of his opinion, and had probably communicated this impression privately to the Emperor. Hence may have arisen his suspicion that the Foreign Office was acting evasively. However, the *Moniteur*, the organ of the Emperor, did not bear Roebuck out in this opinion, perhaps for judicious reasons, as it stated that the probability was that the Emperor had not gone any further in his interview with Roebuck and Lindsay at Fontainebleau than to give them authority to "sound Palmerston." The Emperor was well aware that a very long plummet-line would be required to accomplish this diplomatic feat.

The conversation of Mr. Lindsay, the member for Sutherland, with Mr. Disraeli, as reported by Mr. Slidell to the Confederate Government, sheds a ray of valuable light on the part which Lord Russell had been playing into the hands of Lord Palmerston in the game of diplomacy, about the time that Napoleon charged the British Government with attempting to use His Majesty "to draw the chestnuts from the fire." After explaining

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that Lord Russell refused to receive a communication from the Emperor through Mr. Lindsay, alleging that he could only do so through the regular diplomatic channel, Slidell continues:

> "Lindsay then saw Disraeli, who expressed great interest in our affairs and fully concurred in the views of the Emperor. He said that he had the best reason to believe that a secret understanding existed between Lord Russell and Seward, that England would respect the Federal blockade and withhold recognition, that, if France would take the initiative, any course she might adopt to put an end to the present state of affairs would undoubtedly be supported by a large majority in Parliament, and, knowing this, Lord Russell would give a reluctant assent to this—to avoid what would otherwise follow, a change of ministry."

Although this expression of opinion by Disraeli, as reported, is somewhat obscure and ambiguous, it indicates that certain persons in the confidence of the Government were playing a double part, and that Southern recognition had been resolved upon in the inner circles of British diplomacy. It seems curious that the Emperor and Disraeli both use the name of Lord Russell, as his power at that time was only of an executive character. The scope of the conversation would more naturally lead to the conclusion that Slidell intended to use the name of Palmerston, and simply spoke of Lord Russell as the mouthpiece of the Prime Minister and the Government. In spite of this ambiguity, however, the general meaning of Disraeli's words is clear, and his testimony at this time is important, as he kept himself well informed on inside affairs, as far as it was possible for an outsider to do so. He was fairly posted on American affairs also, although he did on one occasion, in the heat of debate, commit the geographical blunder of locating St. Louis in Canada. But he only got history slightly mixed, and was for the moment thinking of the time of Louis XIV., when there was a town of that name in the New Dominion.

There is one point on which Mr. Gladstone has been very much misunderstood by many newspapers and writers in this country. They have presumed that, because he was a believer in the success of the South, he was, therefore, in favor of breaking up the Union. This is an error, and does Mr. Gladstone serious injustice. He proclaimed emphatically in that debate that he had never agreed with those who were in favor of breaking up the Union.

A mingled feeling of candor and justice compels me to state that, in the light of the history which this criticism of my book

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by Mr. Gladstone has called up afresh, both England and the United States are greatly indebted to him. As he was then spokesman of the Cabinet, his eloquent and magnetic power was highly instrumental in tiding it over a diplomatic and international difficulty, and in steering it clear of the risk of "keeping alive angry sentiments," to which he refers in his kind and polite letter. He has, furthermore, been at great pains since then, in his speeches and especially in that inimitable and comprehensive essay to which I have already referred, to harmonize the feelings and elevate the humane and Christian aspirations of the two great English-speaking nations. If there were a few more statesmen of his calibre and peace-loving qualities, we might be hopeful that some generation not far in the distant future would realize the beatific vision of Isaiah, when the people "shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks," and not "learn war any more."

In conclusion, I wish the Grand Old Man many happy days, and, if he should live to celebrate his centennial, that he may see the event crowned with the realization of some of his highest philanthropic aims, and some of the best reforms which he has proposed for the consolidation, solidity, and prosperity (without further extension) of the Empire on which "the sun never sets" —always provided that amid these happy issues one of his noblest desires shall be respected and inculcated, namely, that that Empire shall be at peace with all nations.

HENRY CLEWS.

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THE CASH VALUE OF A BOOK REVIEW.

BY OLIVER B. BUNCE.

I AM ASKED to tell the readers of books and the readers of magazines what is the cash value of a book review. By cash value is, of course, meant influence upon sales. I must begin by confessing that the court is asked for a decision upon a subject in which the testimony is very contradictory, and the opinions of experts not at all in agreement. There are books that are great successes despite the unfavorable judgment of the critics; there are books that the critics praise highly, but which the public persistently neglect; and there are books upon whose merits readers and critics are for the most part of one mind. How far this latter conjunction has been brought about by the influence of the book column is not easy to say. A few illustrations drawn from well-known facts in the publishing world may throw what light there is upon the question.

When that remarkably successful novel, "Ben Hur," was first published, it was received with indifference. At the end of the first year, if not considered a failure, it was a long way from being looked upon as a success. But about this time, long after the reviewers had ceased to review it and the publishers to advertise it, the book began to sell. The movement was slow at first, but it steadily increased in force and volume. The book reached its tenth thousand, then its twentieth, then almost by a jump it was credited with its fiftieth thousand, and now, far beyond its hundredth thousand, it stands one of the monumental successes of the day. Here we have a success in which the reviewer took no part. His approval or disapproval of the book no one seems to have heeded, but long afterwards, when his criticism had vanished into the spaces into which so much that is said soon disappears, there rose a tide whose source was innumerable

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rivulets of personal opinion. The book began to be talked about; there went thither and hither, from social circle to social circle, the mouth-to-mouth comment and approval which are a thousand-fold more potent than the best-considered written criticism, and the whole country soon became its readers. It is doubtful whether any book becomes widely successful without this social advertising. The best that criticism commonly does is to give an impulse to this movement; to set here and there people talking about the book that it commends.

Perhaps the most signal instance of the direct value of a book notice is Mr. Gladstone's essay on "Robert Elsmere." But this in all the circumstances is so exceptional that it cannot be justly cited as an instance of the reviewer's influence. That the foremost man in all England, one who stands to many millions as scarcely less than a prophet and a seer, should devote himself to the analysis of a novel was of itself sufficient to set people everywhere inquiring about the book and discussing it. Then the story of "Robert Elsemere" is controversial in character. People took sides, debated its arguments, affirmed or denied its conclusions, and consequently every one felt compelled to read the story in order to take part in the controversies everywhere going on. The pulpit, the parlors, the press, were all praising or dispraising the book. Everything, in fact, combined to make its success more successful. How much of all this was due to Mr. Gladstone's article it is impossible to say. But supposing that all the reviews, criticisms, and comments with which the periodical press teemed had to be paid for, what would have been their cash value then to the publishers? Would not the cost, in all likelihood, have greatly exceeded the returns? I suspect that, in every case where a book has become successful by virtue of what is said of it in the press, the net value to the publishers would be *nil* if the criticisms were charged against it at so much per line.

There must, moreover, be a very general concert of action if criticism produces any noticeable effect. An article merely here and there scarcely stirs the sluggish surface of public opinion. When a novel by George Eliot appeared, the whole orchestra, as it were, burst into strains of eulogy—first fiddles and second fiddles, the big drums and the little drums, the cymbals and the wind instruments, all united in a tremendous crash and flare until the very deaf heard. Much of this, it cannot be doubted, was due

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to the master leader, Lewes, who knew how to set the whole London press jumping. It is, naturally, impossible for the most indifferent reader not to be influenced by an assault of this kind; he must read perforce, whether his inclinations are that way or not. I recollect well when Thackeray's daughter produced her first novel. The book was charming and deserved high praise, but it was surprising to see the entire London press—the daily papers, the weekly papers, the magazines—bursting into a concert of enthusiastic and expansive enconiums. When the mighty deep rises in this way, a book can scarcely fail to rise triumphantly into public favor. In our country it is not easy, if even possible, to secure similar unity of action; and then there must needs be the book that would justify it and the man whose influence could command it. Not even Lewes could rattle his thunder with anything less than a George Eliot.

There is also, occasionally, an apparent result from editorial commendation, when the writer is known and is believed to be speaking with candor. It has been said that the great London success of Conway's "Called Back" was due to a send-off given it by Labouchère in *Truth*, and that "The House on the Marsh" was similarly indebted to Edmund Yates in *The World*. It is easy, however, in these things to mistake coincidence for cause and effect. In the same way, Mr. Stedman's cordial praise of Sidney Luska's first book gave it, very likely, an impetus. But these are scarcely instances of the influence of reviews: they have the weight of personal sanction, and carry conviction in a manner that the regulation notice never does.

When we withdraw our consideration from a few exceptional successes to the average book, it is difficult to trace the influence of the review. It is notorious that the most widely-read of all our American novelists never won the favor of the critics, and very likely the critics were right. The case of the English novel, "The Silence of Dean Maitland," is similar, on a much smaller scale, to that of "Ben Hur." It was coldly received by the press, but after some months began slowly to make its way, and by no other means than the discernment of individual readers. The critics did not, at first, either here or in England, discover the quality of this novel; in both countries it was found out by the public. But there have been many instances of unexpected successes, of books that have won their way without extraneous aid; as there are also

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instances of unexpected failures, of books the public would not touch despite the blandishments of the reviewers and the seductive assurances of the advertisements. Then there are notices and notices. Mr. Haggard's "Solomon's Mines" was brought into notice by numerous charges, in the London literary journals, of plagiarism. These accusations were so numerous and so persistent that a question arose whether they were not simply devices to draw attention to the book? Every one knows that there is no better means of bringing a book into notice than a sharp controversy. And yet nothing is certain. A device that appears to work well in one case wholly fails in another; praise that seems to send one book bounding is listened to unheeded in the instance of another.

It has been said, however, by some pessimists that no one ever reads a book review. "There are but three persons," once said a caustic cynic, "that read a book review—the author of the book, the writer of the review, and the publisher of the book." If there is any truth in this, it relates to favorable reviews only. An unfavorable criticism is sure to be read by all the author's friends, by all his rivals, by all his publisher's rivals, and by everybody that likes to see a target well hit. The thing that makes a review acceptable to readers generally is salt, and not saccharine matter. It is possible, indeed, that the real usefulness of a review lies in this direction. People do not at heart want to be told that a given book is worth reading; it is much more satisfactory to them to discover that it has no claim upon their attention. With busy men it is a relief to have the books that need to be read narrowed down to the fewest number possible. A reviewer, therefore, that condemns freely is just the man they want. His mission is to help the book-buyer keep his money.

And there is another way in which the reviewer serves the book-buyer. Extended notices that take out the heart of a book, that describe its scope, make plain its purpose, copy its best paragraphs, give hosts of readers pretty much everything they want. Their curiosity is satisfied, and they can talk about the book in most circles with some show of understanding. In fact, with the great multitude of books coming from the press it would be impossible for most readers to do more than taste each newcomer in this fashion. But, this being true, is not the question we are considering mistakenly put? If the real function of a

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notice is to deter a reader by depreciating a book, or to relieve him by a long analysis from what otherwise he might consider an intellectual obligation, then the cash value of a review is, so far as the publisher is concerned, on the negative side. The real issue in this case obviously is, what is the cash value of a book notice to book-buyers? If this surmise is correct, are not publishers who send books to editors for review like the engineer who is "hoist with his own petar"?

Besides those that read a review because a friend is hurt, or an enemy impaled, or a smart piece of injustice done, and those that read it because it is cheaper and easier than to procure the volume itself, there are a class that read it because they have read the book. A review, after all, is often in a strange language to every one not acquainted with the book under discussion; but if this has been read, the comments of the reviewer have more significance, his points are better understood, and his praise or dispraise more keenly relished or disrelished. There is always great pleasure in comparing opinions, and no doubt immense satisfaction in finding one's own discernment confirmed. So much greater is the interest in reading a review after, rather than before, reading the book that I often wonder whether this is not the best purpose of criticism. Of what significance is an essay on "Hamlet" to a man who knows not "Hamlet"? Who can more than half understand an analysis of a new essay in philosophy or a new romance of character and motive, when nothing else is known but what the reviewer reveals? If I may judge by my own experience and personal likings, a review is of little interest unless the book is already, in some measure at least, familiar. But, if this is true, what, again, becomes of the cash value of the review?

Leaving this narrow monetary side of the question, it is certain, I think, that the aggregate influence of book reviews is an aid to literature. It may be difficult to trace this influence in many instances; it may often glance without effect, and sometimes repress rather than help deserving productions; but, as a whole, it no doubt widens the knowledge of literature and nourishes the taste for it. It is not, indeed, certain that literature would be possible to any large extent if there were no heralds to proclaim and no chorus to celebrate it.

O. B. Bunce.

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LEAVES FROM A DRAMATIST'S DIARY.

BY DION BOUCICAULT.

PREVIOUSLY to 1850 the condition of the English dramatist resembled that of the author described in "Gil Blas," or more recently depicted by Charles Reade in "Peg Woffington." The greater number of the literary men exercising this craft depended upon other means of livelihood. Planché was in a government office; Dance held a clerkship in the Court of Bankruptcy; Robert Bell was editor of the *Atlas;* Talfourd was a sergeant-at-law; Bulwer was a man of large private property; Tom Taylor was a professor in a college; Mark Lemon kept a public house; Douglas Jerrold struggled miserably until he became connected with *Punch;* Sheridan Knowles tried vainly to keep his head above water—he deserted the stage for the pulpit. Boucicault, Morton, and, somewhat later, Tom Robertson relied solely on the Drama for an income. Boucicault was the first to strike his flag; he went on the stage as an actor. Morton fell to pieces, and Tom Robertson endured for many years such extremes of want—even of hunger—that his sufferings during this terrible period contributed largely to the cause of his early death. While managers and star actors were reaping a golden harvest by means of the dramatic works furnished by the phalanx of dramatists, the authors received a miserable pittance of thirty dollars a week for the use of such plays as "Richelieu," "The Rent Day," and "London Assurance." Boucicault sold "The Willow Copse" for five hundred dollars, and he received three hundred for "The Corsican Brothers." For the four years between 1844 and 1848 he had resided in Paris, where he found the French dramatists reaping the principal profits derived from their works, and occupying the position in the Drama to which their share in the entertainment clearly entitled them. "Your English managers

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and stars," remarked St. Georges, "remind one of the Danish warriors who drank their wine out of the skulls of their foes."

The French method gave the dramatic author one-tenth of the gross receipts of each performance of his play, or, to be more correct, the theatre paid 10 per cent. of its receipts for the pieces played at each performance ; so, if only one piece was performed, the author took the whole amount, which to a fair success realized from seventy-five to one hundred dollars a night.

On his return to London, Boucicault sought the leading members of the Dramatic Authors' Society and proposed to reform its principles so as to conform to the French method. No encouragement was extended to this proposal by the English authors, while it aroused a bitter feeling amongst managers and leading actors towards this literary anarchist, who proposed to disturb an old-established system. Many of the dramatists, while agreeing to the movement on principle, assured him that it would never be accomplished and urged him to relinquish the effort. He was defeated. It will be seen presently that, ten years after this defeat, he brought forward another project for the emancipation of the dramatic author, and, single-handed, established this entirely new method, which not only swept away the Dramatic Authors' Society of England and its antiquated system, but which was destined to change the face of the theatrical world in Great Britain, and subsequently in Europe and in the United States. It abolished stock companies to a great extent in Europe, and still more so in the United States. This result was not intended or foreseen. It was, however, the inevitable consequence of the process by which the author was made the star and the actor and manager were relegated to the back seats.

But we are forestalling events. Finding himself defeated and disregarded by the London managers, Boucicault turned his face to the West, and on the 18th September, 1853, landed in New York. It was not a city. It was a theatre. It was a huge fair. Bunting of all nationalities and of no nationality was flaunting over the streets. Poles of liberty accentuated the "Rights of Man." Bands of music preceded processions of a dozen boys bearing flags and tattered targets. Irish was spoken at the wharves, German in the saloons, French in the restaurants. But the chiefest feature in this polyglot city was its boyhood. A boy in heart, but a man, and a very shrewd one, in head !

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Boucicault was surprised to find the American theatres superior in every respect to the theatres in England. The New York audiences were keener and more sincere; their taste was of a finer kind; their appreciation was quicker. The plays were better acted. He had left behind him in London no such comedians as Blake, Burton, Walcot, Holland, Lester Wallack, and Laura Keene. The great school of pantomime, which became extinct in England after the death of Grimaldi, flourished in the United States under the Ravels. Neither the press nor the people seemed to understand this artistic wealth. They had been taught subjection to London and to Paris in all such matters, and willingly recognized their inferiority. They had no drama of native growth. They had no laws protecting copyright in the performance of dramatic works. The casual contributions to American dramatic literature from George Boker, Dr. Bird, and others, were *publici juris;* any one was at liberty to perform them freely. In the presence of such an impediment, the existence of an American drama was impossible. It required three years' labor to remove it. In 1856 a brief statute was passed by Congress investing the author of a drama or the composer of a musical work, in addition to the sole right of printing and publishing, with the sole right also of representing it or permitting it to be represented.

Boucicault had used these three years in study of the American people, their tastes, and the direction of their intellectual appetites. The poetic and romantic drama had no longer its old charm; the actual, the contemporaneous, the photographic had replaced the works of imagination. It was in turning over the *Illustrated Journal* that the idea struck him that the stage might be employed in a similar manner to embody and illustrate the moving events of the period. The Russian war, the Indian mutiny, the adventures of Dr. Kane in polar regions, the slave question, were all live subjects of that period. But the most immediate and burning matter in the public mind was the Indian mutiny. The news of the massacre at Cawnpore had filled the world with horror, when we learned that a small garrison of Europeans were shut up in Lucknow, besieged by an overwhelming force of Indians. This attitude was seized on by Boucicault when he wrote "Jessie Brown, or the Relief of Lucknow," and this play was produced in New York while the siege was still in progress. The result fulfilled all the expectations of the author, who soon

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followed this drama with the "Streets of New York" and "The Octoroon, or Life in Louisiana." This last work was produced in December, 1859, and, accidentally, on the day when John Brown sent his soul marching on ahead of Emancipation.

At this time Boucicault entered into an engagement with Miss Laura Keene to perform for five months at the Olympic Theatre. He opened in "Jeanie Deans," which proved one of the most successful of his efforts. He followed this drama with "Vanity Fair," a comedy in three acts, which failed. This work had been relied on to carry the engagement prosperously to the end of May; twelve weeks of disaster lay ahead, in which all the profits of the season, and more, too, must inevitably disappear.

"Have you nothing—no subject, no play half written? Can you think of nothing to replace this unlooked-for collapse?" pleaded Miss Keene.

"I have nothing," replied Boucicault, "excepting a very poor sketch of 'Little Dorrit' and another of 'Bleak House'; but let us meet to-morrow and talk it out."

It was a bitter night, and the sleet driven by a northerly blast lashed the author's face as he turned up Broadway. A few doors from the theatre a dim light in a cellar showed that a thrifty little Italian, who sold cheap publications and small stationery, invited the belated pedestrian to buy a home-made cigar. His name was Brentano. Descending into the den, where he knew he should find the usual display of ten-cent literature, Boucicault asked for two novels, over which he intended to spend the hours of night. Brentano pointed to a shelf where a scanty row of cheap novels represented his stock in trade; from these the visitor selected a dozen at hazard, and with the pockets of his overcoat stuffed he pushed his way through the sleet and the darkness to Union Square, near which he resided. The following morning Miss Keene received this letter:

"My Dear Laura:

"I have it! I send you seven steel engravings of scenes around Killarney. Get your scene-painter to work on them at once. I also send a book of Irish melodies, with those marked I desire Baker to score for the orchestra. I shall read act one of my new Irish play on Friday; we rehearse that while I am writing the second, which will be ready on Monday; and we rehearse the second while I am doing the third. We can get the play out within a fortnight.

"Yours,

"D. B."

Amongst the books picked up at Brentano's was, haply, "The

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Collegians," by Gerald Griffin. Throwing it aside, Boucicault evolved "The Colleen Bawn."

These incidents may appear too trivial for such particular record, but their results will be seen to have a signal importance. The least important was the revolution effected by this play in what may be termed the Irish drama and the representation of Irish character. But the adventures of "The Colleen Bawn" in England will be seen to have contributed mainly to a fundamental change in theatrical affairs throughout the world.

In September, 1860, it was produced in London, at the Adelphi Theatre, and its success enabled Mr. Boucicault to carry out the plans he had vainly endeavored to put into operation in 1852. He refused to allow "The Colleen Bawn" to be played on royalty or fees. He engaged four comedians, Mr. John Drew, Mr. Sloane, Mrs. Sloane, and Mrs. Hudson Kirby, and instructed them in the principal characters. He offered the play as the star, supported by this group of American comedians. He experienced much resistance on the part of managers in the provincial theatres, but at last his terms were accepted, the play became the thing, and the author received half the gross receipts. A second and a third company were organized and sent out. In the following year he sent out "The Streets of London," and in 1865 he sent out three companies with "Arrah na Pogue." The leading dramatic authors, perceiving the very large profits accruing from this new method, began to secede from the Dramatic Authors' Society, and to follow the new method, under which the name of the author of the play was starred and his importance recognized. The provincial theatres became so overrun with these new companies that managers proposed to the authors to send out, not groups, but entire companies of comedians: by such means the managers could dispense with local companies altogether. This suggestion was accepted, and thus "stock companies" were swept away.

At a meeting of the French dramatists and composers, held in Paris in 1866, Mr. Boucicault described this new method of harvesting the provincial theatres. The shrewd and practical Frenchmen adopted the idea at once. But it was not until after 1872 that the United States finally gave up stock companies and adopted the new system. It is not our business here to discover how far the stage was benefited by this new order of its affairs.

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Mr. Boucicault was an author; his object was to benefit his craft —to obtain for the dramatist not only the place of honor at the entertainment, but the largest share of the loaves and the fishes. When the most notable authors of the day ceased to place their new works upon the list of the Dramatic Authors' Society of England, that institution fell into decay, and, I believe, has disappeared.

* * * * * *

In the summer of 1865, Mr. Joseph Jefferson arrived in London from Australia, at an unfortunate moment. American comedians were not regarded with favor by the London public. The failure of Mr. Owens was of recent date. Mr. Jefferson had no new plays. Those characters which Mr. Boucicault had written for him—*Salem Scudder,* in "The Octoroon," and *Caleb Plummer,* in "Dot"—had been played out. So this bright comedian found no door open to him. The manager of the Adelphi hazarded the remark, "If Mr. Boucicault will write a new piece for you, I will give you an appearance. He ought to do it, for he told me you were the best eccentric comedian living." So Jefferson came to Boucicault, and they tossed over a dozen subjects. He expressed great affection for "Rip van Winkle," an old and very bad melodrama. He admitted that the piece had failed; he had shown it to Webster, who objected to producing such a rag. Boucicault pointed out that the character of a ragged old sot, however picturesque, was not an attractive object through three acts.

"Stay," cried the author, "a thought occurs to me. Suppose we sweep aside Washington Irving, and make *Rip* a young, buoyant ne'er-do-well, with a young wife and a young child. Let him be the play-fellow of all the children, the lover of all the girls, a village bohemian. Let us carry that character through the first and second acts, and bring him out in the third aged in appearance, but fresh in heart, after his long sleep."

Jefferson was not "enthused" with this new form of the story, but yielded, as he saw no other way to obtain a London appearance. In a few weeks the piece was written, and the Adelphi Theatre was placed at the disposal of Mr. Boucicault. Jefferson's agreement with the manager, Webster, was to share the gross receipts nightly after £70 had been deducted for expenses. The agreement between Boucicault and Jefferson was that the author should receive one-third of Jefferson's share. The play and the comedian made the success of that season. In the summer of the

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following year Jefferson went to New York, and there commenced a career too well known and remembered to require record. The share in that success which Boucicault was entitled, under his contract, to receive, he was not destined to enjoy. Jefferson wrote him that no copyright on "Rip" could be sustained in the United States; that it was stolen by several pirates, whom he could not repress. Therefore, in place of a share in his receipts, he would propose to pay a certain amount in lieu of all claims, past or future. And so ended a little golden dream!

* * * * * *

At a dinner party which took place in 1866, the question was discussed as to the value of the literary merit of a play that had recently been produced. One side maintained that the literary element in a drama was rather an impediment than an assistance to popular success.

"Gentlemen," said the host, "will you permit that this question be settled practically? I propose to write three new pieces: one a society drama, relying mainly on its literary treatment; the second a domestic drama, and the third a sensation drama. The pieces shall be produced at the same time, and I guarantee that the success of each shall be in the inverse ratio of its merits."

The proposition was received with roars of laughter. Nevertheless, the three pieces were written. "Hunted Down" was the society drama; "The Long Strike" was the domestic play, and "Flying Scud" the sensation piece. They were produced simultaneously in October, 1866, and the results were precisely what Boucicault had anticipated. This experiment might not be worth recording had not an incident attending the preparation of "Hunted Down" rendered that occasion memorable. The author took the play to Manchester to give it a provincial trial before producing it in London. A company had been engaged, picked out to give each character with greatest effect; but one character, *Rawdon Scudamore*, a fashionable villain, remained uncast. Mr. Calvert, the manager of the Manchester theatre, suggested an unknown, but clever, provincial actor. Boucicault sent for him, was satisfied with his appearance, and engaged Mr. Henry Irving, at a salary of thirty dollars a week, to play the part. The result of this performance was that when "Hunted Down" was produced at the St. James's Theatre, in London, some months later, Boucicault stipulated that Irving should be engaged to create the part.

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Life is a chapter of accidents, and the most insignificant and casual frequently become the progenitors of great events.

* * * * * *

In 1874, in pursuance of a contract made with Mr. Lester Wallack, Boucicault had undertaken to compose a new Irish drama, in which he was to appear in the principal character, to be produced in November of that year. The play, entitled "Boyne Water," was in a forward state in September, when Wallack strolled into the author's room in Fifteenth Street to ascertain what scenery would be required. Then for the first time Boucicault laid before him the plot of the new play, and read some of the scenes. As he proceeded, the countenance of the manager fell so miserably that the author paused.

"You don't seem to like the piece," said Boucicault, throwing aside the manuscript.

"Oh yes, that is the difficulty," replied Wallack. "I have just bought the last London success, 'Clancarty.' The part suits me, and it entered into my plans this season to make my appearance in that play, at the conclusion of your engagement next January. This drama of yours involves the same historical characters, especially that of *William the Third*, and the same costumes. You will blanket my piece. You will take the wind out of my sails. What can be done?"

"Nothing that I can see," replied Boucicault, "but to change the period of my play, say, to the present day."

"But you cannot change 'Boyne Water' to another period."

"No," laughed the author. "If we could, it might end differently. No matter, John; leave it to me."

And he did. In a few days an entirely new play was shaped out, in which some of the scenes in "Boyne Water" were used. This was "The Shaughran." The first performance of this drama was a complication of mishaps. When Boucicault arrived at the theatre, two hours before the curtain went up, he was met by his dresser, who asked him what he was going to wear for the part of *Con*. The question suddenly reminded him that he had been so busy with other people that he had forgotten to provide for himself. They mounted into the wardrobe of the theatre.

"Have you got an old red hunting-coat? Where is your *Tony Lumpkin* dress? Surely, you have a Goldfinch coat?"

"But, sir, they will not fit."

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"That is just what I want. Tear the arms to make them shorter; slit up the back—so. What have you there? *Tony Lumpkin's* hunting-cap?—black velvet—the very thing! Tear the lining out. I see a splendid pair of old boots yonder."

"Those are not a pair, sir."

"So much the better."

And thus in half an hour the costume of *Con* was patched together. What an escape!

At the end of the second act we had a very fine scene by Matt Morgan—the ruins of St. Bridget's Abbey by moonlight. A bright full moon appeared over the sea, and the silver ripple on the water, admirably contrived by a new process, was depended on to produce a great effect. Just before the scene was discovered, there was "a wait"—something had gone wrong. The gas-man appeared before the author, breathless, perspiring with despair. "Oh, sir, if you please, *the moon has bust!*"—that is, the glass of the apparatus by which the moon was imitated had broken. There was no help for it. The scene must be discovered; and when it was, it exhibited a total eclipse—a big round black hole in the scene represented the luminary; but they had forgotten to shut off the ripple in the water, which continued to sparkle bravely, to the great amusement of the audience, in which *Con* joined heartily.

Surely here were accidents enough, but the worst was to come. In the last scene the villain, *Kinchela*, is shot, and the English officer, examining the body, finds the bullet, entering his heart, has been stopped by a pocket-book he carried in his breast pocket.

"Ah!" cries the *Captain*, "the bullet has entered here; this pocket-book has saved his life."

When Montague approached Arnott and felt for the pocket-book, he could not find it. "Good heavens! Arnott," he exclaimed, "you have forgotten the book."

"No," whispered Arnott, "it is in my tail pocket."

Montague rolled him over and, searching in that region, exclaimed: "Ah! the bullet has entered here; this pocket-book has saved his life."

Not another word of the rest of the play could be heard. Boucicault was so convulsed with laughter that he broke down in the last speech. But good humor never spoiled anything.

DION BOUCICAULT.

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THE POETRY OF POVERTY.

BY HENRY BERNARD CARPENTER.

THROUGH such desolate fields, such *campos dolentes*, as those of Poverty, it is no inviting task to go in search of the flowers of poetry. Neither historian nor poet is often found there. Until recently, history has been little more than a tale of battles and treaties, of royal births, deaths, and marriages. To-day the History of the Poor is yet an unwritten chapter of human story. The same might have been said of poetry at the beginning of the last century. For ages Poetry minded high things, and rarely condescended to men of low estate. The heroes of song were not laboring, but fighting, men. Even Rama, the hero of the Hindu epic, is not, strictly speaking, a child of poverty; he is a royal, self-made mendicant. Those white-stoled hermits who figure in the background of the poem, as they glide through the dusk of Indian forests, are not the common poor men of the world. Come nearer to our own West; look along the advancing line of twenty-five hundred years of European song, and even Homer, the Father of Poetry, that high-throned earth-god, with time and the world to wait upon him—even he does not look down to the poor, but up to the rich, to the full-statured "kings of men," to the strong and mighty in battle, to the ancestors of those princes at whose banquet-boards he sat and sang. In the "Odyssey," if poor Laertes is there, it is not because Laertes is a poor man, but because he is the father of the "god-like Odysseus." If Eumæus, the "divine swineherd," is there, it is because among many apostates he remains faithful to a royal master. Open the "Iliad." From beginning to end, the poor unprivileged man vanishes in the driving dust of the chariot wheels, in the roar of contending captains, in the rush and ruin of their spears. The man of the rank and file is scarcely heard, or, if at all, it is always in the briefest possible speech; he is that anonymous character introduced in one or two memorable passages in such words as, "Thus so and so," or "a certain one would speak to his neighbor." Only once is the so-called "friend of the people," the "labor candidate," permitted to make his best bow on the Homeric platform, and then he is no better than a cari-

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cature. There he is! poor diminutive Thersites, lame of one foot, bandy-legged, hunch-backed, hollow-chested, his peak-shaped head sprinkled over with a scanty nap of hair,—how he shrieks and spits his ineffectual spite at the princes of Hellas! Such is Homer's "man of the people."

Before we leave Homer, we may look across at him who used to be regarded as his rival. If there be any one who deserves the unloved laurels as a Poet of Poverty, it is Hesiod of Ascra. Like all song which strives to sing itself steadily onward through the flowerless underbrush of penury and toil, his poetry is wanting in beauty. His two great poems, the "Works and Days" and the "Theogony," give us the two sides of a poor countryman's life—the world below, which opens reluctantly to his plough, and the world above, which is shut as remorselessly against his prayer. The first poem is a Poor Richard's Almanack for weekdays; the second, a theological manual for Sundays. The first moves heavily, like the creaking wains and the slow-footed oxen of Hesiod's dear Bœotian plain; the rough, unrhythmic verse is like the noise of mattocks and flails and rakes and harrows. The second, the Greek Book of Genesis, moves more freely and musically, as if it had caught some tones of that grave didactic harp once heard under Helicon. His song is the first and the last under a Hellenic sky which gives a picture of the life of the poor.

From Homer and Hesiod we pass to the triumvirate of the Greek drama—Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides; among the towering forms of their men and women the figures of poverty are scarcely seen. Almost all their characters are kings in purple and fine linen, chieftains in bronze and blood, or gods in mist and flame. These lofty personages, however, begin to recede as Tragedy gives way to Comedy; as Athené herself falls back before her own Athenian farmers whom Aristophanes leads on the stage from the flowery slopes of Acharnæ. That was one step toward the literature of Poverty. For Tragedy lives in the palace; Comedy in the cabin. The Rich never laugh so well as the Poor. It is always those who are stationed at the outposts of wretchedness, those who stare hunger and vicissitude in the face, those who eat their bread with tears on their cheeks and chains on their hands and sickness at heart, to whom God has granted the compensations of laughter. The lower you go in poverty the broader you get in comedy. The slaves in the South, the *Davuses* in Terence,

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the *Dromios* in Shakespeare, with old Plautus himself at the head of them, have made most fun for the world. A more pathetic instance of the returning of good for evil there cannot be than the oppressed repaying with smiles the frown of his oppressor. The Irish peasant not only forgives persecution, but makes the heart of his persecutors merry with "inextinguishable laughter."

Besides Comedy, another door of Poetry began to open to Poverty as early as 280 years before the Christian era. O pastoral Theocritus! O chosen voice of the Muses of Sicily! thy mouth drops the sweetness and murmurs the music of thine own Hyblæan honey-bees. In dreamful dells thou reclinest through the golden noon, while the air about thee grows enamored of the chant of thy falling stream and the whisper of thy woodland pine. Still sing to us and to the children of all time; still let thy piping shepherds pour to listening forest-gods the strains given back in soft replies of the Sicilian sea, and in the echoes of those hearts that will love thee forever! Nevertheless, the Idyls of Theocritus do not give us the poetry of the poorer classes. It is, rather, the poetry of summer poverty, of the happy, happy herdsmen of southern Europe. Only when the poet of Sicily leaves the land and embarks on the sea does he catch the real tones of poor men as they talk. His Idyl of the Fishermen is one of the most beautiful pictures and truest pieces of music ever given to the world in the name of poverty. Through the dimness of the night we can hardly see the two figures that couch close together in their ragged hut by the sea-wave, but we overhear their simple, hard-earned philosophy—such philosophy as seafaring men alone can give us.

"All things, yea, all things seemed to those men superfluous; for Poverty was their faithful partner. No neighbor dwelt near them, but on all sides was the sea."

The keynote for all poetry of destitution is struck in the prelude.

"Poverty alone awakens the arts; she it is who is the teacher of toil. For tormenting cares do not allow the laboring man even to sleep. For if he should taste a little of the blessing of the night, yet anxious thoughts haunt him and of a sudden break through his sleep."

This, however, is an exceptional passage in Theocritus, and in this respect Bion and Moschus, the other two members of the idyllic triad, are no better. With all their pastoral sweetness, they turn their backs on the poor and needy; they choose, rather, the mythic, artificial themes, and with chains of gold about their necks, they sit down and sing at the feet of the Ptolemies of Egypt. Vergil, who followed them at an interval of more than two centu-

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ries, certainly put a crown of glory unfading on the head of every ploughman and vine-dresser in Italy, when he gave us those four gospels of toil in his "Georgics." How the world-wide sorrow of Man half utters itself in that long-drawn sigh with which he speaks to the toilers of the field! "O too happy husbandmen, did they but know the blessings that are theirs!" The choice of subject, and the tone of plaintive sympathy, deep here as it is elsewhere in his poetry, tell us how clear and true a singer of "the still sad music of humanity" was lost in the author of the "Æneid." That is a touching and beautifully-shaded picture, suddenly introduced in the battle scenery of the Roman epic, where he sketches the poor woman rising between midnight and morning to rekindle the smouldering ashes of the hearth, that she may provide for her little ones and keep her name unblemished in the world. Such a scene makes us wish that Vergil had made way in his "Eclogues" for truer pictures of the poor of his country. But as civilization advances pastoral poetry retires. For when, after slumbering for 1500 years, the poor swains of Vergil wake up and clutch their crooks, and blow again their oaten pipes in Spenser's Cuddies and Colin Clouts, the only shepherds whom we see are a set of grave professors, ponderous prelates, and fat functionaries of state, trying to cover up their corpulence in the threadbare smocks of Daphnis and Corydon, as they frisk and tumble to the tune of Elizabethan politics or Protestant theology.

We leave Spenser and look into that second universe which God created, and man has named William Shakespeare. With Shakespeare, as with his only brother, Homer, the poor too often are the unheroic multitude, unnamed and unknown, or, as he calls them, "the vile many," "the many-headed multitude," or "the vagabond flag upon the stream," which

> "Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide
> To rot itself with motion."

In his plays the poor, as individuals, rarely rise above insignificance; in groups, they are ludicrous; in masses, contemptible. But is this to be wondered at? As a rule, poetry and poets are in their tendencies aristocratic.

But long before the days of Elizabeth the note of preparation had been sounded. The Redeemer of human life and the Founder of spiritual democracy had said, "Blessed are the Poor." Across the darkness of twelve centuries St. Francis had answered,

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"Blessed is Poverty." The word of the saint was echoed across the tumult of five centuries more, and Wesley at Oxford proclaimed, "The Poor shall have the gospel preached unto them." Heaven's two messengers were already on earth, those two sons of thunder, gunpowder and machinery—gunpowder, the great leveller, to bring every Goliath to the level of every David, to put the cavalry below the infantry in the field, to make the weak as mighty as the strong; machinery, to create industries, to call into existence the industrial classes, and to turn the eyes of the earth toward the poor. The Poor needed a religion, and the Lord provided them with Methodism. The Poor needed a poet, and the same Lord provided them with him whom Byron declared to be

"Though Nature's sternest painter, yet the best."

Such a painter is George Crabbe, and as such he reminds one of a certain school of Alexandrian painters once known by the name of Rhyparographers. After Apelles had painted Alexander the Great and passed away, the world grew tired of the lofty classical subjects, of sparkling Helens and of languishing Venuses, and yielding to a common law in matters of fancy and fashion, it began to draw its materials from the opposite side of life. A new school of art arose in Egypt. Earthly and every-day subjects took the place of the old divine ideals. Instead of Mercury putting the sandals on the feet of Venus, it would be a cobbler patching up a pair of brogans. Instead of the unshorn Apollo, it would be a barber mowing down a man's beard. Instead of Neptune's horses or Juno's pearls, it would be "dead sprats and herrings and oyster-shells." The more classical Greeks did not favor these new artists; they named them Rhyparographers—that is, "dirt-painters." George Crabbe is one of these. He paints poor men and women with the mud upon them, and he paints the mud very well. If he turns from Man to visible Nature, he is still rhyparographic. He gives us fine marine pictures, but he is not contented with giving us the sea only; he must give us also the mud at the bottom of the sea. He fairly enjoys painting those long banks of slime left bare by the retiring tide. Like the Anglo-Saxon race, to which he belongs, Crabbe is never very much pained by the unloveliness of the things about him. On the contrary, he takes kindly to the mud of life. But it is wholesome mud; like that now and then uncovered along the coast, it exhales loads of fine moral balm for the breather.

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In this respect, though in style the same, yet in matter Crabbe is the very antithesis of Pope. Hence it was said that Crabbe was "Pope in worsted stockings." In him the Poet of Twickenham was come again from the dead. But it was no longer little Pope in his coat of peach-colored satin, with gold-headed cane, shuffling along between quaintly-clipped hedgerows, and in and out of his grottos of glittering stones; it was no longer Pope at the tea-table with exquisite tattlers and stilted statesmen, among fans and feathered dowagers; but Pope in dingy drab, pacing the pale sands and prosaic shores of Aldborough,—Pope in the poor-house beside the pauper's death-bed, in the court-house beside the outcast woman, in the darkened cottage beside the desolate wife, in the dungeon beside the condemned criminal, on the ship-wrecking shore beside the wail of the new-made widow,—Pope not in the city and the court, but in the country and the cottage; not in the trim, smooth garden, but in the rough, open world.

As the Poet of Poverty, Crabbe achieved his first success in 1783, when he published his "Village." The date is of importance, as it indicates the point where he starts, and also those who followed and those who preceded him in his peculiar line of poetry. In temporal sequence, Cowper, Burns, Wordsworth, all come up behind him. But others had been before him on the paths of poverty. Poetry was glad to follow any one who would take her by the hand and lead her out of the city and the neat suburban gardens into the country with its free grass and unkempt hedges. While Pope and others were epigrammatizing of the city and of riches, Allan Ramsay was singing of the country and of poverty. His "Gentle Shepherd" was followed by Shenstone's "Schoolmistress," Mickle's "Mariner's Wife," Gray's "Elegy," Beattie's "Minstrel," and, last of all, by Langhorne's "Country Justice," which, in its heroic couplets, its choice of subject, its mode of treatment, as well as in point of time, is so near the poetry of Crabbe as to make us feel that the Poet of Aldborough must have come under the influence of its example.

The mention of Crabbe's "Village" may carry back the mind of the reader to Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," in which, thirteen years previously, the poor Irishman had opened a path for the poor Englishman into the field of poverty. There is this great difference, however, between the Irishman's "Village" and the Englishman's, as also between their delineations of the

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poor: Goldsmith's is rather the ideal village—the village that has been; Crabbe's is the real village—the village that now is. Over Goldsmith's little commonwealth there is diffused a tender glow, as of the dying day; a pensive, lingering light of sentiment, which tones down the sharp outlines of distress and pain till they grow beautiful in the hues that invest them. No such figures will ever again be produced as Goldsmith's village schoolmaster, his crippled soldier, his compassionate old parish clergyman. But these are ideal figures, such as Crabbe, the realist, would have never drawn. In the treatment of the same or similar characters he seldom enhances his effects by any side-lights or varnish. He takes pains to scour the glass of his pictures so thoroughly that you forget the medium and see only the objects behind. Crabbe is, *par excellence*, the Poet of the Poor; he paints Man, not in his power and lordship over life, but Man in his poverty, in his dependence, his conflict, his privations; in brief, in all those painful conditions—mental, moral, material—created and forced upon him by poverty. If he turns for a moment from Man to Nature, it is to see Nature also in her poverty; never in her glory and joy, in the pomp and prodigality of her life and power. She is always pinched and poor; nearly always sober; at her best, severe. It is not Nature such as she appears to tourists, artists, vision-seers; it is nature such as poor people look at it—a workshop, a cabbage-garden, a grave; never a play-ground or a paradise. Such views may be more painful and less picturesque; yet they lead us more intimately into that life of which Crabbe is the stern and faithful exponent.

Before passing from this writer, a few points may be briefly noted. And first of all, his Realism. Of the two schools of art, which, it is presumed, will always be found side by side, with a reaction perpetually going on between them, Crabbe is certainly not of those who work with special regard to what is beautiful, but of those who pursue their art with exclusive reference to what is true. Excess of truth soon becomes falsehood. Here there is truth to the exclusion of beauty, and therefore we find less than half of life within the sterile, contracted area of what is characteristically the Poetry of Poverty. The climax in art had been reached; the world had seen what men and women might be; the anti-climax was now touched, where people must be seen as they are. The stark, homely, grotesque way of

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looking at men and things is pleasing to not a few. It was especially so to a thorough-born son of Saxon Suffolk, such as was George Crabbe. There is a strong local resemblance between his poetry as it grew up on the Suffolk coast and the painting which had already grown up on the shores of Holland, just opposite. Crabbe is a painter of the Dutch school; he gives us what we know as the *genre* picture,—low interiors, smoky rafters, dingy walls, with cracks and stains; plain, heavy-looking men in blue blouses, red night-caps, and hob-nailed shoes; mugs of ale; long clay pipes fuming through their fnddled fingers; the high lights on their bull-dog foreheads, and their thick, polished red noses; a fat, culinary sort of woman in the background, and very unimaginative children looking in at the door. Such are Crabbe's pictures, if we only leave out of them all the broad mirth and farcical fun which poverty often brings along with her as one of her best compensations, when she makes us laugh or be laughed at. But what fun is there in a Parish Register? This, however, our poet takes, photographs the men and women therein, describes how they look and what they feel as they stand at the font, before the altar, round the grave. So realistic is he that, as you read him, it sounds like the *Police News* turned into poetry, or the "City Directory" put into heroic couplets.

George Crabbe is also, and that in a preëminent degree, a Poet of Tragedy. Out of pure sympathy with suffering, he prefers to look at life from its darker, more tragic side. Like Milton, like Young, like Wordsworth, he seldom laughs. Sparing in his comic touches, he is often powerful in his tragic strokes. With evil he deals in all his pictures—evil as it presses so sharply on the life of the poor. But how different is his treatment of it from many preceding writers. Swift snarls at it, Pope sneers, Johnson scolds. Chaucer rather laughs at evil, and then lets it go. Crabbe approaches evil seriously, even sadly; examines, condemns, but seldom lets it go without a sentence of pity and pardon. At any rate, he never leaves the picture on which he is engaged till he has made you feel that conscience has fought her way back to her throne through the civil war of the passions; the penalty has been inflicted, the spirit repents, justice is satisfied, and, as the curtain drops, the disordered balance of life is restored.

With Man in those situations of pain and poverty in which Crabbe prefers to place him, no background could be more in

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keeping than those silver-grays and that pale wintry sunlight spread over all his landscapes. This pictorial effect is best given in a couplet of his own. "With mingled tints"—for Crabbe does not make use of colors, but rather tints, just as his characters seem never to laugh, but only to smile—

> "*With mingled tints* the rocky coasts abound,
> And a *sad splendour vainly shines* around."

And yet, as on a day of thick mist in the country the presence of the chill, cheerless vapor serves, as may be often noted, to bring out more vividly than in sunshine all the objects near the ground,—the bright green of the wayside ferns, the scarlets and yellows of the flowers, the tints of the rock in all their sharpness and clearness,—so this very sadness of atmosphere in the poetry of Crabbe seems to aid him in his observation of smaller and lowlier things.

As a Marine Painter, Crabbe is among the first. Some poets there are who have made the sea their own. Byron and Shelley sing of the sea as yachtsmen; Swinburne, as a swimmer; Allan Cunningham, as a first-mate; Falconer, as a shipwrecked sailor;—but Crabbe, as a dweller beside its waters, as a watcher of its wonder, as a lover of all its terror and its mystery. He knows "the unwieldy porpoise" as it "rolls in view"; the distant petrel that swims with her brood through the troubled spray; the wild ducks that glide in their wedge-like figures, in level line, from the north; the sea-gulls that drop for prey into the surge, face round with rallying cry against the blast,

> "Or clap the sleek white pinion to the breast,
> And in the *restless* ocean dip for *rest*."

Thus viewed as a Painter of Man and of Nature, Crabbe, in his relation to those who preceded and those who followed him, is preëminently the Poet of the Poor. In Burns, the joy of existence and the sympathy with nature, together with all the colors and sounds of this ever-varying world, help to mitigate the rigorous severity of that life which enters with its sharp edge into the soul of poverty-stricken man. In Wordsworth, the poor men are too often philosophers in shirt sleeves. Wordsworth's hero, a preaching peddler, is Wordsworth himself. Such poems as Tennyson's "Dora" and "Enoch Arden," Hood's "Song of the Shirt," Elizabeth Browning's "Cry of the Children," Longfellow's "Evangeline," Whittier's "Mabel Martin," are the exceptions rather than the rule, such as we find it in Crabbe. If too much of a good

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thing is objectionable, too much of an evil thing is to be condemned. One such song as Trowbridge's "Vagabonds" ("Roger and I") is enough. Once done, and in so masterly a style, we should soon become nauseated if we found two such tramps extended to eight volumes of them, as in the collected works of George Crabbe. Carleton, in his "Farm Ballads," and Robert Dinsmoor, still truer to poverty, will always be welcomed as interpreters of country life in America. But, as a rule, the New England farmer and his agricultural brethren in the United States are altogether too comfortable to be included in that class of sufferers which is embraced in the literature of destitution.

William Barnes, the Dorsetshire poet—the Burns of South Britain (if ever there could be a second Burns)—claims far more than this merely passing reference, holding, as he does, the first rank among the poets of rural life. Poverty, however, as such, is not the chosen theme of his song, as it is from beginning to end in the verse of Crabbe. To Crabbe, therefore, we concede the wreath never won by any singer of Greek, of Roman, or of English song—that wreath for which he wrought—that wreath which he so justly made his own. No laurelled garland it is, but a crown of thorns. Such as it is, let him wear it; while to his eternal praise be it said, and to the praise of those who, before and after him, touched on these themes of penury and mortal pain, that it was the Poetry of Poverty, born in the eighteenth century, which built the bridge across the widening chasm between the rich and the poor in England. In France, now just a century ago, no such literature had arisen, which by its timely intervention might have softened, then brought nearer, and at last cemented the sundered strata of society. On the English side of the Channel, when the shock of revolution did come, if it was not followed by a social rupture so terrible and so permanent as in France, the causes are to be sought in the character and institutions of the people of the British Isles, and, in no small degree, in the influence then exerted by their literature. In such an influence not the least powerful element was the form which poetry had just assumed, and foremost among those who had been softening the antipathies of the classes so often on the verge of civil war was he who was contented to wear the lowliest laurels in behalf of the lowliest of men and women,—George Crabbe, the Poet of the Poor.

HENRY BERNARD CARPENTER.

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ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE.

LONDON, June 21, 1889.

MY DEAR SIR:

I accede without hesitation to your request that I would put on paper my recollections of Mr. Thorndike Rice, whose sudden death we all so much regret. For though I am not sure that I ever had the advantage of conversing with Mr. Rice but once (our limited intercourse having been principally conducted by letter), I received on seeing him a very definite impression as to his possession of the particular gift which it was the professional purpose of his life to apply and develope.

The character of Editor, as such, is comparatively modern. It meets a manifest want of modern society; and the duty of the Editor is to select and compound for a very large portion of modern communities a main part of their staple mental food. I at once perceived, or seemed to myself to perceive, that Mr. Rice possessed, in a very remarkable degree, the gifts required for the effective discharge of the function of an Editor. Your countrymen will have had larger means of forming an opinion, and will have formed one far weightier than mine.

In another point of view, I view the career of Mr. Rice with interest and respect. Mr. Rice was, as I understand, a man of independent fortune; and, being such, he nevertheless gave himself to a laborious occupation. The growth of a class of idle rich men would, in my opinion, be a great misfortune to America, as it must be to any other country, and I take it as a sign of a mind aspiring to public virtue when the rich man frankly and practically owns himself to be amenable to the common lot of honourable duty and labour.

I remain, my dear sir,

Faithfully yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

TO THE HON. LLOYD BRYCE.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

I

OUR STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE.

FROM time immemorial it has been the custom to regard disease as a necessary concomitant of life. Many reasons have been suggested for its existence, even to the hypothesis that disease is the normal state of man, and health but an exceptional or abnormal state. But, aside from theories of this sort, we have much new and positive knowledge respecting the nature of diseases. And while it may be premature as yet to speak of all diseases as belonging to one class, yet the number of them that may be placed under a single head is so great that the public should realize what an enormous addition to our knowledge has been made through biological research.

To put it popularly, what is called disease is no longer a mysterious entity, nor are its causes usually obscure. In great part it seems to be a struggle for existence between ourselves and certain lower forms of life. Were it not for these attacking hosts, it is not at all improbable that man could easily resist injuries (unless vital organs were mechanically crippled), changes of temperature, humidity, pressure, etc., and live a life of greatly increased duration, in which physical discomfort, except from accident, should be almost unknown.

What is the nature of these attacking hosts which constitute disease? We know that the seeds of many plants float about in the air, and that when they fall on suitable soil and are exposed to favorable conditions of moisture, temperature, light, etc., they germinate and grow at the expense of the air and the soil. The plant sends out its leaves and breathes the air, taking in such nutriment as its organism requires, while its roots pierce downwards in search of the nutriment that is in the soil. Every one who observes at all knows all this. He sees the floating seed of the dandelion, the whirligigs of the maple, and he wearily picks off the clinging burr which is trying to make him its carrier. He knows that rich soil, moisture, fresh air, and sunlight are necessary to luxuriant plant-life. He knows more. He knows that a solution of sugar, such as a fruit-juice, if exposed to the air, soon goes into fermentation and passes from a sweet liquid into one that is alcoholic and intoxicating. He also knows that this is no new phenomenon, for the patriarch Noah proved by the most convincing experience that it was a well-known fact even in his day.

The man of the present day who has had any kind of scientific education knows that this fermentation of sugar is caused by the growth in the sugar of a minute plant, called the yeast-plant, the spores, or seeds, of which are omnipresent in the atmosphere of the temperate and tropic zones. These little seeds fall into a sugar solution that is exposed to the air and grow with great energy. Sugar is the particular food of the yeast-plant, and the carbonic acid and alcohol which are formed from the sugar during its growth are the products of its life. If we sow a rich field with corn, we get an exuberant growth of the corn-plant. If we sow the seeds of yeast in a liquid containing sugar, we get a luxuriant growth of the yeast-plant. It is a good thing to make two blades of grass grow where one had struggled up before, and the change of the saccharine juice of fruit into wine is as well known to the careful housewife of to-day, who makes her blackberry wine to gladden the heart of her husband, as it was to St. Paul, who so emphatically indorsed the dietetic action of the yeast-plant's product.

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So far the biologist and the public go easily together, but at this point the broad and well-beaten road ends, and a difficult path, beset with many obstacles, leads onward. On this the trained senses of the biologist carry him with ease through vast domains that are almost unknown to the unskilled man, and in which the latter soon loses himself, since he knows not the landmarks and has not a compass wherewith to guide his steps aright.

To speak again popularly,—for this is not the place to go into the minuter details of biological science,—there are certain microscopic seeds, or spores, that grow best in an albuminous soil, and the organisms resulting from them alter, decompose, or assimilate the albuminous matters in which they grow or on which they thrive. These seeds—I use the word in its broadest and most popular sense—are found widely disseminated in nature, some in the air, some in water, and others in the soil and in our food. So universally are these minute germs distributed that it is difficult to find any object which has been exposed to air or water that does not contain more or fewer of them. The liquids and organic solids of our bodies are largely composed of substances that afford these seeds their most suitable nutriment, and our bodily warmth makes the conditions necessary for their growth most favorable. Suppose one gets a deep wound. On this fresh, raw surface rain the myriads of germs floating in the air, or they are communicated by the fingers that touch the wound, or the garments that adhere to it. Among these multitudinous seeds are some that find the conditions of nutriment, moisture, and temperature most favorable to their development, and in a short time they reproduce, reaching numbers almost beyond the power of the imagination to grasp. In consequence of this the wound does not heal; it runs, becomes foul, blood-poisoning sets in, and the man dies. In other cases, the wound heals and the man recovers.

Let us examine this again in a popular way. When the freshly-exposed surface is attacked by the invading seeds, it does not rest quietly, as does the soil when the plant seed is placed in it, but countless minute organisms, which exist in and are produced by the human mechanism, attack the foreign germs and destroy them, and so prevent their growth and reproduction. Should this protecting army conquer, the invading host is destroyed and the wound heals. Should the invaders get the upper hand, then the protecting army is disorganized and overcome, and the flesh or organ, instead of remaining a part of a delicately-adjusted mechanism, becomes mere food for the foreign life. These foreign organisms do not, like the yeast-plant, eliminate carbonic acid and alcohol, but many of them produce terrible poisons, which, mixing with the blood, are carried to the vital centres, and so the man dies from poisoning as well as from a disabled organ.

Multitudes of these disease-germs exist. Some grow in raw flesh; some are breathed in with the air and take up their abode in the lungs, as, for instance, in the case of consumption; some show a preference for certain parts of the intestinal tract, as in typhoid fever and cholera. Others attack the liver, and others, again, thrive best in some of the glands and on the mucous membranes, as in the case of diphtheria. The rapidity of reproduction of these lower forms of life almost surpasses belief. The *bacterium termo* (fortunately not a disease-germ) is a minute rod, which reproduces itself by breaking in two. Each half then grows larger and again breaks in two. This process goes on very quickly. Indeed, if its reproduction were unrestricted, a single *bacterium termo* would in a short time fill a space as large as that occupied by the Atlantic Ocean.

Fortunately for us, while the disease-germs are numerous enough about us, we are provided with many means of resisting their onslaught. If, for example, they get into the blood, the white corpuscles of the blood attack and eat them up. But the balance is at best a delicate one, and it takes but little to turn it against us. There are many of these disease-germs, however, that are not easily resisted. If they find their way into our organism by inoculation, through a scratch or cut, for instance, they are invariably more or less successful in establishing a foothold within us, in which case we must succumb. We cannot be food for other organisms and at the same time live for ourselves.

In the laboratory of the biologist may be seen little phials in which are contained

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the seeds of diseases. By the prick of a needle an animal may be inoculated with the specific disease that is named on the label of the phial, as with hydrophobia, diphtheria, or scarlet fever. This can be done with as much certainty as the farmer would sow the seeds of corn, rye, or wheat, knowing that he would get crops according to the sowing.

The majority of diseases, it now appears, are thus explicable. All the fevers and the contagious diseases, and many of the constitutional infections, are probably to be traced to the parasitic development which I have described. These diseases are results of a struggle for existence between man and minute forms of life. If these foreign organisms, the so-called saprophytes, gain a foothold, and the conditions continue favorable to their development, the man suffers or dies.

We are not considering the ethics of the subject. We shall not discuss which has the better right to survive, the saprophyte or the man. It is possible that in the vast scheme of the Cosmos, such a small portion of which we comprehend, good and sufficient reason may exist for the victory of the saprophyte. But from our standpoint we must regard our own existence as the more important. Man must consider as inimical to himself every object and every influence that tend to shorten, endanger, or injure his life, or impair his happiness. We are at war with myriads of lower organisms which are trying to live on us, and which by so doing injure, cripple, or kill us. Wars are children's games compared to these silent, invisible, deadly enemies which are ever about us, waiting for an unprotected spot on which to attack us. They have neither conscience nor feeling. They are the seeds of death. They respect neither sex, station, nor age. Their existence means misery, agony, and death to the human race. The issue is fairly before us. Let no man slight it or undervalue its magnitude. These enemies cannot be laughed or reasoned away. We cannot escape them. The most important question to-day is, How can we protect ourselves against the saprophyte?

PETER T. AUSTEN.

II.

RAPID TRANSIT IN CITIES.

THE PROBLEM of the rapid transportation of travellers within its own limits has not yet been satisfactorily solved by any of the large cities of Europe or America. As for travel upon regular lines of railway from city to city, probably very nearly the ultimate possibility of human accomplishment has been reached in the "Flying Scotchman," the "Flying Irishman," and the "Chicago Limited." At all events, it is difficult to see how much greater speed can be attained on rails of steel or iron within the reasonable limits of safety, even if we admit that electricity or some other substitute for steam (Mr. Keely's "motor," for instance) may be made available in the future. In intra-urban transit, however, much less marked progress has been made. The horse- or tram-car slowly displaced the omnibus or stage; and up to the present time this has been our chief reliance. Elevated and underground railways are scarcely more than a dozen years old, and their use thus far has been extremely limited. Such means of travel as are afforded by the underground railways of London and the elevated railroads of New York are as great an improvement upon the lumbering horse-car as an ordinary "way" train on our railroads is an advance upon the stage-coach of the olden time; and no greater. For travel in cities there has not yet been provided the correspondent of the railway "express" train. Until that is furnished, the problem stated in my opening sentence will not approach solution.

Ten years' experience has shown conclusively that the elevated-railway system of New York cannot furnish *rapid* transit. It has also shown beyond dispute that this is but a single step in the unfolding of the rapid-transit question. Already the elevated cars are as distressingly overcrowded as the horse-cars were twelve or fifteen years ago. Competent observers affirm that the underground roads of London have done no more for that city than the elevated roads have done for New York, even if they have done as much. Doubtless nine out of ten unprejudiced men who have travelled on both systems would unhesitatingly say that the elevated is preferable to the underground on account of light and ventilation, and at least its

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equal in speed. The London roads are dark, smoky, badly lighted, without any pretence of furnishing fresh air, and, on the whole, about as uncomfortable as they well could be. This is the common verdict; and it has recently been confirmed by the careful observations of a man who has spent no little time and money in the endeavor to give the American metropolis adequate means of rapid transit.

In several of the smaller of our cities surface cars propelled by cables or some form of electric traction are in use; but these are incapable of attaining more than very moderate rates of speed. Six miles an hour is, I believe, about the average. That is clearly out of the question in discussing *rapid* transit, although there is no doubt that the cable or the electric motor is vastly to be preferred to horses as a means of propulsion. On the score of cleanliness alone the use of either of the two is to be advocated, even at a slight advance in cost. Merely by reason of decreased expense in street-cleaning, any city could well afford to make it worth while for its street-car companies to make the substitution.

The subject in hand, as related to the chief American city, is both easier and more difficult to be disposed of than when applied to most other cities. Manhattan Island being long and narrow, the question there is to carry a great multitude of people in one direction in the morning hours, and just as many in the opposite direction in the evening. In towns where there are numerous lines of travel radiating from a common centre, the conditions are in one way simplified. More rapid-transit roads are needed in this case, to be sure, but smaller carrying capacity is required. In New York arrangements must be made for transporting an immense number of passengers over a limited number of lines running north and south. I propose to consider the problem in connection with New York: the modifications needed to make the conclusions applicable to other cities will readily suggest themselves.

It is indispensable to provide for "through" and "way" trains, or for express and local travel. Hence four tracks will be required—two to be used for each sort of business. The road or roads should be so constructed as to permit express trains to be run at high rates of speed—forty miles an hour, if necessary. Such trains ought not to stop at shorter intervals than a mile; they would be used by long-distance passengers, or by people going to regular railway stations on the upper part of the island for the purpose of leaving the city. For suburban residents special "through" trains, or at least "through" cars, should be provided. The stations for local or "way" trains should be placed not further than a quarter or a third of a mile apart, and passengers should be permitted to pass freely from one class of trains to the other. These are the principal conditions to be met in any system that is brought forward before favorable consideration can be granted to it. The various methods proposed from time to time may be classified, in a general way, as falling under one or another of five groups. These I shall take up consecutively. It will be seen that three of them (perhaps four) are modifications of one cardinal idea.

First in order comes the "Arcade" system. The promoters of this propose to make an open cut along Broadway, which shall afterward be bridged over, and the present surface of the street practically restored. Within this cut, and just underneath the surface, the railway tracks are to be placed. The objections to this scheme are numerous. During the process of construction the city's principal street would be virtually closed against business. Sewers, gas-pipes and water-pipes would be seriously disturbed, and a rearrangement of them would be rendered necessary. Then there is grave doubt as to the effect of the excavation on the foundations of buildings in Broadway, and their owners would not consent to the work unless an adequate guarantee against damage were given. The damages might run up to untold millions, and capitalists would hesitate to assume such a risk. The plan is a practicable one, but there is extreme doubt whether it will ever be carried into execution.

A tunnel beneath a street, excavated at a sufficient depth not to interfere with traffic on the surface, is open to many of the same objections. The network of subterranean pipes would be an obstacle of no small dimensions, and, as with the "Arcade" plan, vaults would be invaded and foundations might be undermined. Of course, if the city itself should go into the business of constructing a rapid-transit system, as was proposed not long ago by a high authority, these obstacles would not be

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found insuperable. On the general subject of tunnels it is well to say that the features of those in London which render them so objectionable may be obviated without great trouble. Especially will this be the case when the electric motor is brought into successful use. A limitless supply of pure air can readily be made certain, and even with steam locomotives there can be freedom from smoke. Now that cars can be supplied with electric lights, there is no reason why travel on underground roads may not be made comfortable.

A tunnel scheme that has met with considerable favor is one that proposes to run through the blocks, the company buying the right of way outright, and, after its work is completed, constructing such buildings on its property as it may deem best. The tunnel would comprise the cellars or basements of these buildings, and there could be no charge that private rights had been invaded. The privilege of crossing streets would have to be obtained from the authorities, and only at crossings would the tangle of "all sorts and conditions" of pipes cause annoyance. While the work of construction was in progress there need be little interference with public travel, as one crossing could be completed before permission was given to open another.

Perhaps the most attractive tunnel project is that which gets rid of all difficulties and obstacles growing out of work near the surface by the heroic remedy of making the excavation at a depth of 100 or 150 feet. A tunnel there would be blasted through solid rock—the "bed-rock" of the island—and the depth would be sufficient to prevent any disturbance at the surface during the progress of the work. Such an undertaking would be enormous in magnitude, but it presents no engineering difficulties that could not readily be overcome. Naturally, a matter of much interest would be the raising and lowering of passengers. With an abundant supply of huge elevators this could easily be accomplished, however; and it has even been suggested that the cars themselves might be placed on "lifts," and, when the passengers had taken their seats, quickly lowered to the tunnel and started on their way. One peculiar advantage of this plan for Manhattan Island is that subsidiary tunnels could be excavated from the southern end of New York to both the New Jersey and Long Island shores, thus bringing the city into immediate connection with the great railroad systems around it. On such a road-bed as would be provided, should this scheme be carried out, the highest speed would be practicable for express trains.

One other plan remains to be mentioned—a plan in many respects superior to any of those already passed in review. This is an elevated road built through the middle of blocks on ground purchased and owned by the company. But not an elevated road supported on stilts, like those that disfigure so many of New York's streets. Such structures can hardly be considered as more than temporary makeshifts. No serious accident has yet occurred on these roads, but there have been several "hairbreadth 'scapes," and many people have a firm belief that a horrible disaster is bound to happen sooner or later. Be that as it may, these elongated bridges must be renewed throughout from time to time, and I have little doubt that in a not very remote future they will be condemned and cast aside. The elevated structure through the middle of blocks will be a far different affair. It will be either a solid viaduct of masonry from end to end, or else a substantial earthwork with bridges at the street crossings. On this there could be reasonably rapid travel. Passengers would have the privilege of moving in the upper light and air, and the marring of the streets by unsightly structures would be reduced to a minimum. The railways that enter London on viaducts furnish a good model of what such a road would be.

In connection with each of these plans the element of cost is a consideration of the first magnitude. To estimate the expense in advance is not easy. But I think experience justifies the assertion that either of these projects, carried out on a handsome scale, would be a paying investment. It is a fairly well-established law that the greater the facilities for carrying people the greater will be the number of people to be carried. Take a single illustration. The horse-cars of New York have as many passengers now as they had a dozen years ago, in spite of the enormous crowds transported by the elevated roads. So it is within bounds to affirm that the capitalists who are far-seeing enough to put their money into a properly-constructed tunnel,

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or a substantial elevated railroad through the middle of blocks, will be sure of an ample return in a few years at the furthest. Their advent is impatiently awaited.

ARCHIE EMERSON PALMER.

III.

CONSTITUTIONAL PATCHWORK.

RECENT attempts in several States so to amend the constitution as to incorporate a provision prohibiting the manufacture and sale of spirituous or intoxicating beverages render it a timely subject of inquiry whether such provisions are germane to the true purpose, object, and meaning of a fundamental framework of government.

They ought not to be so regarded. The sole and legitimate aim of a constitution is to declare those universal and well-recognized fundamental principles of equality, justice, freedom, and right which have been demonstrated in the experience of mankind and received the common consent. Any asserted rule or principle which has not obtained such support is of too doubtful a character to be classed among fundamental doctrines, and ought not to have the advantage of constitutional sanction. Once lowered to admit principles which belong to statutory provisions, and which are the outgrowth of temporary excitement or passing whim in the changeful popular opinion, government would soon lose all its permanency of character and efficiency in administration. Besides, until any avowed doctrine of government has so commended itself to the conservative reflection of a community as to achieve practical support and lodgment, it has little hope of accomplishing the result desired. As long as any statutory treatment of an offence has a public sentiment to sustain it, it will not need the strength of constitutional provision; when it ceases to possess the public support, it will not help its enforcement to have it embodied in the constitution. Nothing is gained by a constitutional declaration in behalf of a doubtful proposition: it neither convinces the popular mind nor strengthens the popular conscience. If it has to be put in the organic law to save it from fluctuations in the drift of popular opinion, it is hardly worth salvation; if it is in no danger therefrom, to embody it in the statute enactment is sufficient for its entire purpose, and gives it all the dignity and sanctity it requires.

The truth of the matter is that the same opinion which is needed to create a legislative machinery for the enforcement of a constitutional provision is all that is demanded to enact and enforce such a legal principle without marring the organic law. In other words, a legislature fresh from the people, and subject to the popular sentiment, which would provide means to enforce a constitutional amendment prohibiting any offence, would enact as strong statutory provisions to accomplish the same purpose; and a legislature which, reflecting a reverse popular sentiment, would decline or refuse to pass restrictive laws in relation to any subject, would be quite as indifferent to constitutional provisions looking in that direction. You may say that with a constitutional prohibition they are rendered powerless to sanction it by any permissive legislation. True; but the only result would be an illegal occupation permitted to continue by tacit consent. You may urge, further, that such a prohibition would place the legislature under constitutional obligation to enact the "proper restrictive legislation." True; but very little is accomplished in attempting to legislate against a recognized public opinion, at least in relation to social customs and habits.

But the gravest objection to such constitutional patchwork is its tendency to lower and belittle the dignity and character of our organic law. The repose of society is of no small value, and permanence in fundamental principles is essential to the stability of our institutions and the peace and good order of society.

The more the individual can be left to govern himself, the safer and better for the community. Educate the public mind, instruct the public conscience, direct the public thought and moral sense aright, and little law is needed to preserve the public welfare. Enact what statutes you please, make them rigid as you please, annex what penalties you please in advance of the popular sentiment, and it will only eventuate in reducing the respect for all law, in lax execution or non-enforcement, and finally

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in official corruption and general demoralization. Such has been the universal experience. A healthy public sentiment must precede any extreme change of law, to have it effective or permanent. Without it no law is of much value.

One of the evil fruits of free institutions, admitting all to participation in the work of government, is the opportunity it affords for airing all sorts of crude theories and attempting ill-considered experiments. Hence the agitator, especially if he is possessed of means which he is willing to devote to political purposes, exercises a power pernicious and often dangerous. With a single idea and ample fortune, stimulated generally by fondness for notoriety, he compels a partial or complete subserviency to his whim by threats of political punishment. Political parties too often, anxious for his favor or timid at his threat, accept his proffered assistance, and henceforth submit to his unreasonable exactions rather than court defeat because of his senseless displeasure. He is never satisfied with results. Gaining only a half-loaf will enrage him more than loss of the whole. Belonging to no party, save to desert or betray in the hour of supreme need, he is justly hated by all. Sooner or later cause or candidate grieves his political chastity and forces him to new alliances. Following his own logic, with a conceit that admits of no doubt; impatient of every suggestion he does not originate and every movement he does not pioneer; indifferent alike to praise or blame so long as he is the subject of public comment; revengeful toward opponents and distrustful of friends, he has thus far, happily, not multiplied largely in our political activities. If he were not so much voice, but were more hands, he would do greater harm. Of late he has turned his energy toward reform by constitutional amendment, and in quite a number of States has, with varying success, attempted to promote constitutional prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages. Later it will be something else—Utopian and attractive, no doubt.

In view of these threatened assaults upon our organic law, it becomes us to consider well the question involved. That the highest result aimed at cannot be thus obtained has been successfully demonstrated. But were it otherwise, were it possible to secure it in no other way at present than by a violation (as it seems to me) of fundamental principle, I would prefer to wait for riper and truer methods to come, perhaps, in the fulness of time or the maturer wisdom of a later age. Some sacrifices are too great for the results they purchase; and to gain, by cheapening a constitutional framework of government, what can more easily be accomplished by statute provisions would be a significant and striking instance.

Nor is it a question of the home against the saloon, as some would make us believe. We do not need to confound means to a result with the result itself. Those who claim that constitutional prohibition is the only method of successfully shielding the community from the curse of dram-drinking beg the real question at issue, and so reason in the hope of playing on the moral sense or timidity of good people who abhor the liquor traffic and its terrible results. I am attempting no justification of either, although I do not accept all these declaimers urge even in that behalf. I am only addressing attention to the simple evil of constitutional methods in dealing with a subject which requires only statute law for its suppression. My claim is that all that can be accomplished by any method looking to the restriction or abrogation of the liquor traffic or any similar evil, closely interwoven, as it has become, with the social life and daily habits of our cosmopolitan society, can be as well, fully, and efficiently reached by statute law as by any other means; and that it is entirely foreign to our framework of government—to that collection of axiomatic political doctrines termed the organic law, to its aim, purpose, and meaning—to engraft upon it mere police regulations and subjects of statute restriction. Nor is it an answer to assert that prohibition of any practice pernicious to the welfare of the community prohibits, while license fails to accomplish so beneficial or salutary a result. Prohibition can come quite as powerfully armed from the statute as from the constitution; each requires the same machinery for its enforcement—the same powers to be exercised, and the same official, diligent fidelity to exercise them. Strong provisions and honest officers are needed in both cases. Without a healthy public opinion in their support, demanding the rigid law and its strict enforcement, the play when

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played to the end will only prove a mournful farce. If it come in the form of a statute, its repeal will be alone in answer to public sentiment, and will be easily and speedily accomplished, leaving little or no friction to irritate the public mind. If it be dignified into a constitutional provision, it can only be eradicated, even in response to the most earnest popular protest, by a lengthy and cumbersome process, leaving in its trail a violated constitution and a corresponding enfeebling of that just regard in which such solemn instruments have been held. The effect in the one case would be temporary and slight; in the the other permanent and harmful.

CHARLES J. NOYES,
Ex-Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives.

IV.

THE ADVANTAGES OF DEBT.

AMONG the threadbare themes of moralists, one of the most hackneyed is the misery of being in debt. Ever since the days of Addison and the *Spectator* this has been a favorite and prolific topic of periodical essayists and writers on "Self-Help"; and if it be true of human afflictions that "they can paint them best who feel them most," we cannot doubt the ability of these writers to present the matter in the most vivid colors. "I am astonished," says Sir Richard Steele, whose whole life was a race with bailiffs and catchpolls, and who excused himself for voting in flagrant contradiction to his professed principles by saying to one who reproached him, "Mr. Whiston, you can walk on foot, but I cannot,"—"I am astonished that men can be so insensible to the danger of running into debt. One would think it impossible that a man who is given to contracting debts should not know that his creditor has, from that moment in which he transgresses payment, so much as that demand comes to, in his debtor's honor, liberty, and fortune." "Out of debt," echoes Douglas Jerrold, with the passionate eloquence of one tasting for the first time the luxury he describes, "and though you have a patch on your knee, a hole in your hat, and a crack in your shoe-leather, you are still the son of liberty, free as the singing lark above you. Out of debt, and what a nourishing sweetness may be found in cold water; what toothsomeness in a dry crust; what ambrosial nourishment in a hard egg! . . . The debtor, what is he but a serf, out upon a holiday—a slave, to be reclaimed at any instant by his owner, the creditor?"

This, it must be confessed, is well put, and by writers who are entitled to say, *Experto crede*. But there is another side to the subject, and it is easy to show that, if debt has its miseries, it has, by the never-failing law of compensation, its blessings too, which equal, if they do not more than counterbalance, them. If the condition of indebtedness is one of slavery, the long and splendid roll of men who have bowed to its yoke shows that it has a strange fascination. Lord Bacon wrote on "The Wisdom of Business," yet ran desperately in debt. William Pitt had an income of thirty to fifty thousand dollars a year, and died two hundred thousand dollars in debt. Sheridan spent the fortunes of two wives, and was always dodging creditors and bailiffs. Daniel Webster had a large professional income, yet lived and died amid a swarm of debts. Was not Fielding swamped all his life by debt, and yet did not Lady Montague say of him "that he had known more happy moments than any person on earth"?

But, not to rely on great names, who does not love to be "an object of interest" to his fellow-men? and what surer or easier way of becoming such than by contracting "little bills" and large in all quarters? Who is the object of more watchful attention, of tenderer and more anxious solicitude, on the part of his fellow-citizens, than he whose promises to pay are held year after year? Whose movements are watched more closely, whose health is inquired after with more trembling solicitude, whose death is mourned over with more poignant sorrow than his who owes many thousands more than his estate can pay? There is no man who does not love to hold *some* place in the memories of his fellow-men who does not cling to the pleasing hope that he will not become entirely "to dumb forgetfulness a prey" when he shall have shuffled off his mortal coil; and how can one more effectually guard against so

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painful a result than by leaving in the hands of his friends and neighbors, not a worthless lock of hair, but a more precious memorial in the shape of an unsettled bill or note-of-hand, the *interest* of which will be forever increasing? The memory of such a man will be cherished with the keenest interest; while he who is scrupulous to "pay as he goes" is doomed to hopeless obscurity while he lives, and, when he dies, is forgotten or thought of without a pang of regret. "We are not *great* people at all," said Sydney Smith when he went into a new neighborhood, and it was given out in the local papers that he was a man of high connections; "we are only *common* honest people—people that pay our debts." How vivid were Horace Greeley's recollections of poor Poe, whose autograph he held on several bits of paper, compared with his memory of other and even greater poets!

There is another advantage of debt of even greater moment; it gives a zest to life which nothing else can impart. The man in debt is never tormented with that uneasy listlessness, that restless craving without an object, that mobility without an aim, that feeling of idleness, yet of disquiet, which is known as *ennui*. Of that wretched feeling which led Spinoza to pass his time in catching spiders and teaching them to fight, and which drove the master spirit of antiquity, the Stagirite himself, when his wine of life had run to the lees, to die as the fool dieth, by his own hands, the debtor knows nothing. The fire of existence never with him becomes caky or ashy; his soul never preys upon itself; he experiences none of the miseries that steal in upon him whose life is free from anxiety or care. With the debtor life is full of meaning and interest. He has a continual spur to exertion, and the pleasure of faculties kept perpetually on the stretch. While the minds of other men are drooping like a banner by a flag-staff for want of the wind of occasion to set them in motion, his is incessantly occupied with schemes to silence the importunate demands of creditors and to keep sheriffs from his door. Whether scouring the streets to borrow money or busied with schemes for earning it, he is thoroughly engrossed in the passing day, and has not a moment for the torture of excessive ease. Of the "blue devils" he knows nothing; he has never to contrive expedients for killing time, nor does he ever think of hanging himself, as many a debt-free rich man has done, lest he should one day come to want. Occupied continually with the care of meeting or dodging obligations that are falling due, his "quick thoughts like lightning are alive"; all his hours are filled with excitement and action; and if, as the author of "Festus" says, "he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest," then assuredly does the debtor

> "Live in one hour more than in years do some
> Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along their veins."

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